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POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

IT cannot be said that politics wear a cheerful aspect at the beginning of the year; but the state of Europe is less alarming than the condition of the United Kingdom. In the second quarter of the present century, while the Treaty of Vienna, the balance of power, and the concert of the Five Great Powers still survived, the indefinite continuance of peace was always taken for granted. The annual sentence in the Speech from the Throne which announced the friendly disposition of all Governments was sometimes parodied in some such truism as that the Thames continued to flow under London Bridge. It is now an exceptional cause of gratification that there is no present danger of war. On the other hand, it is thought natural that diplomats should at all times be actively engaged in devising combinations of powerful States for offensive or defensive purposes against ambitious neighbours. The latest rumours attribute to Prince BISMARCK, as the central mover of Continental politics, a strange disposition to become the patron at the same time of the SULTAN and the POPE. No great change has taken place in the position of either potentate since the Turk was regarded at Berlin with contemptuous indifference, and the Roman Catholic Church was the object of wantonly hostile legislation. It is now thought expedient to cultivate the new-born hostility of the Porte to France; and the friendship of the POPE is deemed useful for the purpose of conciliating the Clerical party in the German Parliament. There is no reason to suppose that any material benefit will for the present be conferred on the SULTAN, and the reported negotiations in favour of the Holy See may perhaps be apocryphal. The rumour of a proposed restoration of the Temporal Power was obviously false; and the more credible scheme of substituting a body of treaties for the Italian Law of Guarantees is almost equally impracticable. It is true that the POPE may reasonably object to dependence on the Italian Parliament, which can at any time repeal the statute which it has passed. The scandalous riot during the funeral procession of the remains of PIUS IX. further proves that the Italian Government is unable or unwilling to afford the protection which it has promised. LEO XIII. has some reason for professing to be still a prisoner, when his appearance on the left bank of the Tiber might be made an occasion for insult. It is nevertheless impossible that any Italian Ministry should confer on foreign Powers a right to interfere in the maintenance of order in Rome. Even at a time when the friendship of Germany is anxiously courted, the humiliation of the Crown would be dangerous as well as mortifying. Accordingly the King of ITALY has taken the first opportunity of announcing that his Government will enter into no discussion with foreign Powers on its own domestic policy.

Whether or not Italy is admitted to the supposed alliance of the three Imperial Courts, it is believed that the league itself in some form subsists. There is, as far as is known, no relaxation of the bonds which unite the Governments of Berlin and Vienna; and Count KALNOKY, since his recent accession to office, has been more zealous or more successful than his predecessors in winning the friendship of Russia. There may perhaps be some foundation for the report of an agreement between Austria and Russia, by which the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina is said to be recognized and confirmed. From

Berlin there are doubtful reports of petty breaches in the understanding which had resulted from the meeting of the two EMPERORS at Dantzig. According to one strange story, the Emperor WILLIAM reproved the Czar for certain irregularities of form which hindered him from placing his confidential letters in his private archives. It has also been remarked that the Russian AMBASSADOR was absent from the commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Emperor WILLIAM's first entrance into the Prussian army. Rumours of this kind may be relegated to the domain of political gossip. The policy of Germany will not be modified in consequence of any neglect by a foreign Sovereign of the niceties of Imperial etiquette. The least pacific of the three allies is for the present disabled from any disturbance of European peace, though the Panslavist party reminds the EMPEROR that the Nihilists suspended their operations during the late Turkish war. The task of annexing the country occupied by the Turcomans proceeds with uninterrupted success, and of late diplomacy has taken the place of force. Against a great war in Europe, even if any scheme of aggression had been formed, the internal state of the Empire affords complete security. The violent attacks on the Jews in the southern provinces and in Warsaw may perhaps have little political significance, but they betray the weakness of the Government. There is no ground for hoping that the Nihilist conspirators have abandoned their atrocious designs against the person of the EMPEROR.

For the present there is fortunately no reason to apprehend any foreign complication by which England would be seriously affected. The highly artificial arrangement by which England and France jointly control the affairs of Egypt may perhaps continue for some time as at present, though the whole system is in a state of unstable equilibrium. A slight push would overthrow the whole contrivance, but it may last in default of external disturbance. The English Government has wisely held aloof from the Tunis controversy, which has for the time alienated Italy from France. There might have been reasonable ground for complaint, but it was better to be silent. The affairs of North Africa were not allowed to exercise any influence on the negotiations for a commercial treaty; but it is not of good omen that the earliest political event of the year is the probably final return of the English Commissioners without having arrived at an agreement. Sir CHARLES DILKE and his colleagues were relieved from responsibility, as they treated under the direct instructions of the Cabinet. The Government has acted in conformity both with sound policy and with the express wishes of the manufacturing community; but the termination of the COBDEN Treaty will inflict heavy loss on some branches of industry, and it will not tend to promote good will between England and France. For the present the English nation must content itself with its exclusive adherence to the true economical faith. The corollary in which the tendency of Free-trade to propagate its own doctrines was plausibly deduced has unfortunately been disproved by experience. The failure of the negotiations involves no cause of quarrel. The Royal Speech will again announce the continuance of friendship with all nations; and perhaps the spirit of the declaration may be justified in application to America as well as to Europe. It is not known whether Lord GRANVILLE replied to Mr. BLAINE's blustering despatches about the Panama Canal and the war between Chili and Peru. He may

probably have courteously declined to engage in a controversy unnecessarily thrust upon his Government. Perhaps the present SECRETARY OF STATE, as he is not known to be a candidate for the Presidency, may be less pugnaciously patriotic than his predecessor.

In glancing successively round points in the circle of public affairs, the political observer may excusably abstain as long as possible from directing his attention to domestic politics, and especially to the state of Ireland. In that unhappy country there is no diminution of crime or of anarchy; and the popular demoralization is faithfully represented by the impudent language of male and female demagogues, and by the circumstances of the most recent murders. A man last week entered the house of a woman between eighty and ninety, and, after missing her with a shot from his revolver, murdered one of her daughters before her face. The assassin is a near neighbour, perfectly well known, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese attempts to screen him from punishment by the gratuitous assertion that he does not believe the criminal to be a Westmeath man. The same prelate has lately published an announcement that land, belonging equally to all men, cannot be subject to private ownership; and a later attempt to explain away his disgraceful language is wholly unsuccessful. In France Communists and professors of public robbery persecute Roman Catholic bishops. In Ireland they are sometimes the same persons. A female agitator of the so-called Ladies' Land League recommends the mutilation of cattle in the facetious form of indulging a taste for oxtail soup. The Hebertists of 1794, whose doctrines shocked ROBESPIERRE himself, may perhaps have been on the moral level of Irish demagogues and their murderous agents; and the impudent wickedness of THÉROIGNE and her companions is not less faithfully reproduced. There is no doubt that the Government is anxiously bent on discovering some means of restoring order and of protecting the property which remains. Their culpability consists in their former slackness in repressing an organization which, with feeble credulity, they hoped to disarm by extravagant concessions. Some of the Ministers seem inclined to connive at the extension to England and Scotland of the practice of legislative spoliation. The precedent of the Irish Land Act has already deprived property of all kinds of the unquestioned security which it lately enjoyed. With fatal blindness, capitalists, who will assuredly be the next victims, have in some instances encouraged designs for the plunder of landowners. The wealthier members of the Farmers' Alliance fail to discern the inevitable result of their proposed robbery of landlords in the demand of the rest of the agricultural population for the subdivision of farms. One of the most uncomfortable circumstances of the present state of political affairs is that no substitutes can be found, or even desired, for the actual holders of power. Even if there were a Conservative chief as wise as Sir ROBERT PEEL, with a party as well disciplined as his followers, the Opposition could not prudently undertake the restoration of order in Ireland. The factious opposition from which the Government, notwithstanding the querulous injustice of some of its members, has been almost wholly exempt, would be instantly organized against a Conservative Ministry. The difficulty will probably not arise in practice, because the majority returned at the general election is still unbroken. The more hopeless the condition of Ireland, the deeper the indignation of the orderly classes of the community, the more fulsome is the adulation which Liberal politicians bestow on Mr. GLADSTONE. It is true that his abilities and his industry become more marvellous as they prove themselves to be unimpaired by age; but the vigour of a dangerous Minister is not a subject for unqualified satisfaction.

THE MEMBERS FOR BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM, which is fortunate enough to have two of its members in the Cabinet, has been enjoying an ample opportunity of hearing what its distinguished representatives think of politics, of themselves, and of the borough that sends them to Parliament. They gave their views as to Ireland, as to land reform, and as to Parliamentary procedure, and earnestly entreated all Liberal constituencies to be true to themselves and to the Ministry of their choice. Both regarded Birmingham as a first-rate

Liberal citadel, from which enterprising commanders are sent out to make war upon their Tory enemies. This is their primary mode of regarding politics. There are the bad and there are the good—the bad who are always bad and the good who are always good; and it is the business of the good to be always making raids on the bad. Both, on the other hand, have much profited by being in office. They have been made to feel the responsibilities of office, and have learnt how very difficult it is to carry on the government of an Empire. The most advanced Liberals theoretically acknowledge that at some point or other anarchy must be put down by force; but it is a very different thing to have personally felt the necessity of deciding that the point has been reached, and to have themselves advised force to be used. Mr. BRIGHT can stand many things and many men, but he cannot stand the American Fenians and their doings. He may be sure that for once he has all England with him, and that the bad as well as the good ones are on this matter equally ready to fight under his banner. It is impossible, however, that men who look on politics as involving a state of war, and Birmingham as a citadel from which Liberal warriors emerge, should be quite fair to their opponents, even when circumstances have compelled them to act as their opponents also would act. The members for Birmingham insisted that their coercion was not really like Tory coercion, although it might seem to resemble it. The difference was that Tory coercion was perpetual, Liberal coercion was temporary; Tory coercion stood alone, Liberal coercion was accompanied by healing measures. This statement has not even the merit of being superficially true; for Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Ministry relaxed the coercive measures enacted under Mr. GLADSTONE'S former Ministry. But this is a small matter. What is really important to notice is that the alleged difference between Tory and Liberal coercion is only a difference of degree. There must come a point at which the method of uniting coercive with healing measures will fail. Healing measures are measures by which disaffected persons get what they want, and what those who pass the measures think it good for the disaffected to have. The list is one which must necessarily in time be exhausted. The Land Bill was said to be a healing measure, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government gave the crumb of comfort to the disaffected Irish. These disaffected persons, under the direction of their American guides, now say that nothing but an Irish Republic will make them happy. Mr. BRIGHT very properly says that they may ask for an Irish Republic, but they certainly will not and shall not get it. He might perhaps give them something more than they do not want, but he will not give them what they want. They must be refused; and, if they protest against the refusal by anarchy, they must be coerced. The coercion is of course to be temporary, but it is to last until the disaffected are taught that they cannot get what they ask for. In this sense all coercion is temporary; and coercion which is exercised to prevent men getting what they want can scarcely be described as in any special way accompanied by a healing measure.

The most active days of Mr. BRIGHT'S intellect are naturally somewhat past. He still speaks with a command of pure and sonorous English, and retains the glow of feeling with which he has been accustomed to irradiate the subjects that are most dear to him. But he seems to live out of the world, to know little of what is going on around him, and to walk placidly in the groove of old-fashioned arguments. He did not even know when he was speaking at Birmingham who were the subordinate members of the present Government. The thoughts that come to him seem often the reverberations of old thoughts which passed through his mind forty years ago. He made an appeal to Ireland on a ground which was the kind of ground on which a young man might have complacently rested who half a century ago was an ardent supporter of Lord GREY'S Reform Bill. He entreated the disaffected Irish to observe how very handsomely they were treated in regard to Parliamentary representation. They have more members than they are entitled to in the ratio of the population of Ireland to the whole population of the United Kingdom. The Irish are only five millions out of thirty-five millions. They ought to have only a seventh of the representation, and they have got more. If the roll of the Irish members, according to the Union, was complete, they would have one hundred and five members,

when they ought to have only ninety-three. How people can be unhappy who have actually got twelve more members than is their due is more than Mr. BRIGHT can understand. The proportion of Irish members was not fixed at the time of the Union according to population, or Ireland would then have been entitled to many more members than it got. The present representation of England is not in the least arranged according to the number of voters. The roll of Irish members is not complete, for some boroughs have been disfranchised for bribery. What Mr. BRIGHT points out is that, under a totally new arrangement, the Irish would, if they kept 105 members, keep more than they ought to keep. An Irishman who condescended to notice the argument at all would probably reply that a Parliament which was shaping representation in accordance with numbers would be sure to cut down the Irish members to their proper limit. But what is strange is that, when addressed to those to whom it is addressed, the argument is no argument at all. The disaffected Irish say that they hate the Union, that it was a fraud on Ireland, that it prevents Irishmen from managing their own affairs, that all it does in real life is to allow Ireland to send a seventh part of the representative body to London, where it is steadily outvoted by the other six-sevenths; and then Mr. BRIGHT hopes to console and quiet them by making them observe that this one-seventh is not exactly one-seventh, but is one-seventh and a small additional fraction. This is Mr. BRIGHT's view as a politician, and it affords a singular instance of the inaptitude of a politician to understand the men with whom he has to deal. But Mr. BRIGHT is not only a politician; he is a Minister. The realities of life are forced on him as a Minister when they might be ignored by him as a politician. When he surveys the ways and works of the American Fenians and their emissaries, he does not waste time by arguing with them as to the twelve extra Irish members, but candidly owns, so far as a kind-hearted Quaker can own it, that he should like to break their foolish heads.

At the second Birmingham meeting both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at length on the burning question of Parliamentary procedure. They described in fervent language the existing evils, did their best to prevent an agreement being come to by the joint efforts of the leaders of both parties, and looked on Parliamentary procedure as merely giving an occasion for a new raid from the citadel of Birmingham on their bad Tory enemies. They naturally did not commit themselves to saying what remedies would be proposed, but they could assure their constituents that the proposals, whatever they might be, would be such instruments of warfare as Birmingham Liberals might be proud to handle. There was nothing very new in this; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN got on new ground when he connected the reform of Parliamentary procedure with his own personal history. He drew a picture, and a perfectly sincere and accurate picture, of himself as the ardent young Minister, seeing the great things that might be done, knowing how to do them, and then condemned to eat away his heart in despair at the impotence to which he was condemned. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is President of the Board of Trade, and he takes his office very much in earnest. He is like a young NAPOLEON, full of grand dreams and projects, alike imposing and beneficent; only, unlike NAPOLEON, he is not invested with despotic power. If he had but a Tribunal and a Senate at his command, such as NAPOLEON had, there is no end to what he would accomplish. Short as has been his tenure of office, he is quite prepared with a Bankruptcy Bill, a Merchant Shipping Bill, a Patent Law Bill; and all these Bills are really first-class Bills, not such Bills as an ordinary President would produce, but Bills that would settle everything once for all in the best possible way. Nor is he at all short of new worlds to conquer. He is quite ready at five minutes' notice to regulate bills of sale, partnerships, and corn returns. Even all this is a mere trifle to him. There are, at least, twenty other questions connected with his department on which he would like to embody his views in Acts of Parliament. But none of these grand things are possible with an un-reformed Parliamentary procedure. It is possible at once to admire the energy and ability of a young Minister, and to recognise his inexperience. It is not the defects of Parliamentary procedure that stop Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his impetuous course so much as the impossibility that any one official should in a few months have got to the bottom of so many questions long controverted and very difficult

in themselves, and the impossibility of Parliament, if Parliament is to exist more than in name, letting the measures of an ardent young Minister pass without searching and effective criticism. We know the sort of Bill of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would produce dozens if he was not checked. His Bankruptcy Bill of last Session was by no means a bad Bill; but partly it followed the lines of previous attempts, and partly it introduced novelties which it would have needed much discussion to commend to Parliament and the country. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be doomed to disappointment, however much Parliamentary procedure may be reformed, until he has realized that, in a country of free government and free discussion, the most ardent reformers must work slowly.

EGYPT.

ON Monday the *Times* published an announcement from its Correspondent at Paris that France and England had agreed to send a joint note to the KHEDIVE, informing him that, in the event of tranquillity being disturbed or his authority overturned, they were prepared to give him effective support. It was further stated that they had come to an arrangement as to the mode of procedure in such a case, and as to the respective share in the operation which each Power was to take. Two days afterwards the Correspondent gave the secret history of this announcement. As long as a fortnight before some mysterious person confided to him, as a secret not to be divulged until the proper moment, that a proposal had been made by France after the accession of the GAMBETTA Cabinet that England and France should concur in some definite plan of action in case intervention in Egypt became necessary. This secret became known in other quarters. Germany knew it, the Porte knew it, and those who would not look on an Anglo-French intervention with a friendly eye naturally began to criticize a project which they regarded with disfavour. The mysterious persons who acted for the French Government in the matter seem to have become alarmed at this, although it is difficult to understand why they should have been surprised that a secret which they judged to be of a kind that could properly be confided to a newspaper correspondent should have been a very open secret to those who were interested in getting hold of it. But this was not all. The draft, prepared in the shape finally given to it by the French Government, was sent some days ago to the English Government; and it was expected by its authors that the project, "being very intelligently conceived, and combining prudence with energy and resolution," would be promptly sent back with the approval of the English Government. But this is exactly what did not happen. Lord GRANVILLE was much too cautious and sensible to fall in love with the proposal at first sight, however intelligently it might have been conceived, and whatever fine qualities it might have combined. The proper policy of England in Egypt is a very serious and difficult question, and every step in carrying it out must be the subject of most careful consideration. The expected answer from England had not arrived. It was time that something should be done to jog this hesitating Ministry. In the words of the Correspondent, it was considered "adroit and straightforward" by him and his mysterious friends to announce that an agreement had been come to which had not been come to. This would force the hand of Lord GRANVILLE and stop the hostile criticism of Germans and Turks. All the world, including Lord GRANVILLE, would have to bow to what was announced as an accomplished fact; but, from a kind wish to soften the blow to those on whom it was to fall, the Correspondent and his friends added that the proposed intervention would be of a very harmless kind, for the intervening force would be composed of English troops from India, who were said, for some unexplained reason, to be unable to stay out of India more than a very short time, and of French marines, who, from the necessities of the French navy, must be almost immediately recalled.

All this may be mere brag on the part of the Correspondent, or he may have been hoaxed, or he may be relating in innocent simplicity and in an effusion of perhaps natural vanity what really took place. He may have honestly thought it adroit and straightforward to announce as accomplished what was not accomplished, in order to

attain ends which he and some confidants of the French Ministry thought desirable. If this is what really happened, the incident, trivial in itself, is worthy of serious notice as bearing on the concerted action of England and France in Egypt. If no intervention is necessary, there are nevertheless points of almost daily occurrence which, if the two Governments are to work in harmony, must be handled with the greatest care, delicacy, and reserve. If an intervention became necessary, it would need the greatest circumspection, good faith, and courteous consideration for each other to prevent differences breaking out between the intervening Powers. An Anglo-French intervention in Egypt would be most unpopular in England. It would be a matter of the deepest regret and the most profound anxiety if England had to intervene in Egypt single-handed. But to intervene with France would seem to many Englishmen like going partners in a new Tunis expedition. It can scarcely be forgotten that we have tried already a somewhat similar experiment. We joined France at the outset of the Mexican expedition, very soon got all we cared to ask for, and retired. But France was bent on carrying out a grand idea, pushed on, deluged Mexico with blood, and set up an Emperor. A joint intervention would only be accepted in England if the Ministry could show that it was absolutely necessary as the least of all evils, and that every possible precaution had been taken to minimize its mischievous effects. If the French Government thinks the time has come when the possibility of a joint intervention must be seriously considered, it is quite right to lay its views before the English Cabinet, and invite a friendly and confidential discussion. But if it is not careful in the means it employs, it will inevitably defeat its own ends. It could not take a more foolish course than to confide its intention as a kind of half-secret to a newspaper correspondent, and then try to force the hand of the English Ministry by adroit and straightforward announcements that the English Government had agreed to a proposal which was still under its consideration. Foreign statesmen who are imperfectly acquainted with the England of to-day are apt very much to overrate the benefit they gain by getting a newspaper correspondent to say what they want said. There are many reasons why the power of a newspaper correspondent, which once, no doubt, was considerable, has much diminished. English newspapers are now so many and so well conducted that the correspondence sent to the rest is a check on the correspondence sent to each. An announcement made through one channel is of no more value than an announcement made through any other channel. At least four London newspapers announce that they are each the leading daily paper, and perhaps they are all right. In the next place, Englishmen have gained enough experience to be able to discount much of the correspondence sent to these leading papers, especially when it is of the kind of which the recent correspondence sent to the *Times* about Egypt furnishes an example. They know the nature of the bargain that is tacitly made. A secret is to be told which is to give the recipient importance and professional credit for smartness, and in return the Minister on whose behalf, or by whom, it is told, is to be spoken of in the handsomest terms. The secret of a proposed intervention is revealed, and in return M. GAMBETTA is extolled to the skies. No sooner had he accepted the portfolio of the Foreign Office than in the twinkling of an eye he was posted up in everything connected with Egypt, and his preternatural sagacity showed him exactly what was to be done. Lastly, we wish our responsible Ministers to do themselves the acts and take themselves the course for which the country will hold them responsible. It is not for an English Foreign Secretary to be jogged by a French Minister through a newspaper correspondent. It is true that neither Lord SALISBURY nor Lord GRANVILLE is in the least likely to be jogged in this way. But Foreign Ministers who wish to work in harmony with English Ministers must cease to think that jogging of this sort can possibly answer. The only effect of the indiscretion of revealing a secret to one Correspondent, and of these adroit and straightforward announcements, has been to intensify the dislike of England to an Anglo-French intervention, which might have been much decreased if Lord GRANVILLE, supposing he thought a joint intervention unavoidable, had been left to tell his own story and to explain what he had done, and why, and what checks on France he had succeeded in imposing.

For the moment it seems as if things were so going on in Egypt that an intervention, whether joint or otherwise, may be avoided. It is impossible that Lord GRANVILLE should not bear constantly in mind that England may have to interfere, and that he ought to form in anticipation as clear an idea as possible how England is to interfere if the necessity arises. Anarchy may break out any day in Egypt, and then England, sorely against its will, may have to interfere. It cannot so cynically break faith with the Egyptians as to allow Egypt to be reduced to the miserable condition of a Turkish province. It cannot sit quiet while France alone interferes. Its special interests in the Suez Canal make it very difficult for England to allow all Europe to join in one grand intervention. Still less can England permit the country through which the Canal passes to become the seat of a dismal and dangerous anarchy. But something is being tried in Egypt to avert or postpone the outbreak of anarchy. Colonel ARABY BEY, it is said, has had an offer of office. This distinguished mutineer is to be made Under Secretary of War. Spain, in the days of Queen ISABELLA, afforded abundant precedents for this kind of arrangement. A general made a pronunciamiento, had a slight brush with the QUEEN'S troops, was successful, and was immediately appointed Prime Minister. Colonel ARABY BEY has just made his pronunciamiento in the shape of a communication to the *Times*. He speaks in the most affable and patronizing manner of his Sovereign, and states that he is willing to allow the unhappy TEWFIK to reign as long as he carries out faithfully the promises extracted from him when he was cowed and terrified by the mutiny of last September. The COLONEL has not been shot, for there is no one to shoot him; his pronunciamiento is therefore adjudged, according to the rules of the game, to be successful, and he has been made a Minister. It is perhaps safe to prophesy that when he is once in office he will rise in the Ministry he has joined, and it is not impossible that he may think that to govern in the name of the KHEDIVE will suit him as well as anything he is likely to get. He could scarcely have a better opportunity of inspiring those constitutional ideas and developing that education of the people which he assures the world are the objects dearest to his heart.

THE CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, whose political writings are always both lucid and full of matter, has published in the *Nineteenth Century* a second essay on the organization and procedure of the House of Commons. In the former article he contrasted the mode of doing business in the House of Lords with the recent helplessness and anarchy of the House of Commons, and he now repeats the statement that "measures, even those of first-rate importance which affect peers specially, as the Irish Land Acts or Church Act, pass through the Lords in one-tenth, one-twentieth often, of the time which is required in the Commons. The reason of this is that the peers have no constituencies to satisfy or gratify, to appease or to excite." It is always interesting to obtain the recognition by prophets of democracy of the inherent vices of the system. It is true that Mr. HARRISON belongs to another school of political theorists; but on practical issues he almost always sides with the Radicals. There was a time when even those members of the House of Commons who represented constituencies were not troubled with supervision or interference. A member was responsible for acting generally with his party; but his special votes, and his participation in debate or his silence, were left to his own discretion. Any eccentricity in which a member might have been tempted to indulge was effectually restrained by the general opinion of the House; but Mr. HARRISON is not enunciating a paradox when he says that "an end has come at last to all further trust in the good feeling and good sense of members." The changes which have produced such a result have perhaps not been wholly advantageous. Elsewhere he repeats Prince ALBERT's saying that Parliamentary or constitutional government is now on its trial. In other words, it is doubtful whether the growth of democracy is compatible with freedom. The House of Commons has, as Mr. HARRISON says, "itself recast Churches, thrones, and orders, venerable corpo-

"rations and historic systems." He proceeds to draw the inference that the House "must now submit its own 'system to the inevitable law of progress.' The only Parliamentary government which has been justified by experience seems, therefore, to have become obsolete; and it is necessary to devise a substitute which may bear the same historic name. Though he is ordinarily original in language as in thought, Mr. HARRISON uses a common form in declaring "that it would be idle waste of time to 'frame a paper Constitution for the House of Commons 'in a Review.'" Such a disclaimer invariably indicates the purpose of undertaking the task which is stigmatized as useless or impossible.

One of the changes which Mr. HARRISON proposes is the familiar scheme of closing debate at the pleasure of the House. Mr. HARRISON gives plausible reasons for entrusting the decision to a bare majority; but it must be remembered that the power has not unfrequently been abused by majorities in the French Chamber, and still more in the American House of Representatives. Whether a simple majority or a larger proportion of the House would be more likely to exercise a novel power with due regard to justice is a matter of opinion, or rather of conjecture. In the first instance, it is probable that the power would be exercised with scrupulous care; but by degrees the dominant party might perhaps become more ready to profit by its novel privilege. The nominees of an extended Birmingham caucus might perhaps be as insolently selfish as their constituents. It is not improbable that in future Parliaments the defenders of existing institutions and of property may be reduced to insignificant numbers. Every degradation of the suffrage, by deliberate purpose or by blundering legislation, tends to strengthen the destructive party. In eight or ten years the Conservative Republic of THIERS has eliminated nearly all the adherents of former dynasties, and a large portion of the moderate Republican party. A similar result may follow from the enfranchisement in England of agricultural labourers and of residents in common lodging-houses, and from a redistribution of seats. As trust in the good feeling and good sense even of existing members has come to an end, it is difficult to rely implicitly on the possession of the same qualities by the delegates of the poorest class of the community. The experience of every day shows that tolerance of opposition is a quality unknown to the populace. Public meetings have long since ceased to afford opportunities of discussion; and the representatives of numerical majorities might become as impatient of opposition as the mob which sent them to Parliament. Exception may be taken to Mr. HARRISON's statement that Parliamentary speeches are for the most part repetitions of newspaper articles and of platform discussions. The reports of Parliamentary debates furnish ordinary politicians with their only opportunities of becoming acquainted with both sides of a question. It is true that all the arguments material to the issue have probably appeared in the press, but the vulgar Liberal or Conservative reads only the newspapers which express his own opinions; and it has been already remarked that an enlightened community listens only to orators on one side, except in Parliament. It is by no means certain that constituencies may not hereafter insist on silencing unpopular members.

Mr. GLADSTONE has for some time past stated to every correspondent who has addressed him on any political question, that the first and most indispensable of all measures is a reform of Parliamentary procedure. It may therefore be assumed that at the beginning of the Session he will be prepared with some bold and comprehensive scheme. That some change is necessary must be unwillingly admitted, though there is reason to fear that the abatement of actual evils will not be an unmixed advantage. Every Minister who has referred to the subject has naturally expressed the hope that precautions against obstruction will not be resisted on party grounds. If their professed anticipations should be disappointed, they will to a great extent have themselves to blame. Their opponents will not unreasonably contend that, on the showing of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, the ancient forms of Parliament alone stand in the way of revolutionary legislation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lately assumed that sweeping changes in almost every department of politics and administration were urgently required. Mr. GLADSTONE, in answer to demands for agrarian spoliation, significantly replies that he can offer the predatory associations no encouragement till the rules of the

House of Commons are altered. Lord HARTINGTON, with remarkable simplicity, appealed for support of the forthcoming Ministerial proposals to all who were anxious for changes in the Land laws, for extension of the franchise, for elective control of local affairs, and generally for all schemes which are regarded by the Conservative classes with distaste or with alarm. If the prospect of rapid change as the immediate result of alterations in the Standing Orders is acceptable to Liberals, it goes far to justify the resistance of the threatened minority. Lord HARTINGTON distinctly treats the proposed modification of the rules of debate as a party question; but prudent politicians, whatever may be their party connexion, will not expose themselves to the reproach of having countenanced obstruction or Parliamentary inefficiency.

Mr. HARRISON's paper Constitution for the House of Commons is, as might be expected, ingenious, and perhaps it might succeed in practice; but the Parliamentary government which it would create is an entirely novel contrivance. The main part of the scheme is the transfer of almost all the business of legislation to a number of Committees, which are on certain occasions to form a single Grand Committee. It is proposed that the Committees should each consist of eleven members, and that the whole number of Committees should be six. For the purpose of choosing the members who would practically supersede the House of Commons, Mr. HARRISON resorts to Mr. HARE's complicated scheme, which he justly condemns as a mode of Parliamentary election. Each member of the House would be entitled to vote for a member of the Grand Committee, and every person who received ten votes would therefore have a seat. The application of the borrowed contrivance has a plausible and symmetrical appearance. In practice, the plan would be subject to the drawback of affording facilities to professional experts skilful in dealing with political puzzles. The vote of every member of a party would be dictated by some authority corresponding to the Whip; and the Committees would be effectually packed as if they were appointed by the Carlton and the Reform Club. By a necessary consequence, either the House of Commons would abdicate its principal function, or every decision of a Committee would be reopened in the House. An obvious criticism implies no assumption that a preferable alternative could be easily discovered. The Committees, however they were appointed, would each include a standing party majority, which would vote according to the instructions of its leader. The alternative, consisting in the independent action of the Committees, would put an end to Parliamentary government. It is not likely that the experiment will be tried at present; but some measure of the kind may possibly be proposed at the beginning of the Session. It is scarcely to be hoped that a Minister who takes every opportunity of proclaiming himself a bitter partisan will be either conciliatory or scrupulous in protecting the liberty of minorities.

THE END OF THE FRENCH TREATY.

THERE is no longer any doubt that the negotiations for a renewal of the Commercial Treaty with France have finally fallen through. The English Government, with a natural desire not to let a chance slip, were willing to keep them simmering until M. GAMBETTA had had time to look into the facts for himself. If M. GAMBETTA had been able to decide the question on its merits, there would have been no fear for the result. He is a Free-trader, and perfectly well aware of the special advantages which France in particular is certain to reap from Free-trade. But he is not in a position to decide the question on its merits. He has the Chambers and the constituencies to consider as well as the country; and though, under a system of universal suffrage, the Chambers and the constituencies are, in theory, the equivalent of the country, in fact they are nothing of the kind. The interests that are served by Protection are wealthy and organized; the interests that are served by Free-trade are, with some exceptions, individually poor, and entirely without the requisite machinery for bringing pressure to bear upon the Government. The manufacturers are comparatively few in number, they are concentrated within a few well-defined districts, and they command ample funds. The producers of raw materials have the weakness that belongs to a crowd of persons scattered over a large space, not

knowing their own minds, and not accustomed to act together for common objects. But for this it would be scarcely possible for France to be Protectionist. She is so essentially a producing and exporting country that her obvious policy is to favour any system that will open foreign markets to the goods she has to dispose of. But the producers are for the most part peasants not very well acquainted with what goes on in the Chambers, not very capable of understanding the many indirect ways in which their interests will be affected by legislation on subjects which seemingly do not concern them, and not greatly disposed to give political expression to their opinions even when they have the means and the will to form them. The manufacturers, on the other hand, have precisely the advantages which the peasants want. They are well represented in the Chambers; they are in a great measure the authors of the legislation they are interested in maintaining; they know how to influence elections, and how to break up a majority, even of their own way of thinking, if the care of their pockets requires that they should make the sacrifice. Under the Republican Government they have a further advantage in the support of their workmen. In France Free-trade is popular, so far as it is popular anywhere, in the country; Protection is popular in the great towns. As it is the peasantry who produce the raw materials, it is the peasantry who gain by the opening of foreign markets to their goods. The workmen in the towns have to do with the production of manufactured goods; and when they are told that the demand for these goods is less, and consequently the wages paid to those who make them lower, by reason of English competition, it is only natural that they should be on the side of the Protectionists. At present the wishes of the great towns count for far more than their numerical proportion to the population justifies.

What has been said as to the indifference of the French producers is still more true of French consumers. They appear to be the victims of that curious sentimental liking which Protection is so often able to create in those at whose cost it is resorted to. M. THIERS's often-quoted remark that he liked to see the tall chimneys smoke is true of a great number of persons who have more intellectual excuse for the delusion than M. THIERS could claim. If the individual consumer realizes that he is the poorer for the high duties which it pleases the Legislature to impose upon a great number of things which he has to buy, he plumes himself upon his patriotism in foregoing his own advantage for the general good. He does not remember that what he foregoes is not his own advantage only, but the advantage of millions of other consumers, and of millions of producers as well. The tall chimneys and the owners of the tall chimneys are so much more in evidence than the consumers and producers that it is not difficult to forget that, as compared with the consumers and producers, they are but a small minority of the nation. When, therefore, the manufacturers protest against the injury inflicted upon them by a treaty which admits cotton and woollen goods from England at a lower duty than that imposed on them by the general tariff, their complaint finds ready acceptance with the very persons who profit by the cheapness resulting from this lower duty. As good Frenchmen, they wish to see Rouen and Evreux doing a roaring business. If they were asked to vote for a direct grant from the taxes to the capitalists engaged in the cotton and woollen trades, they would be quick enough to see that to do this would be to make them public pensioners. When the proposed grant is veiled under the name of a protective duty, its real character escapes detection.

Englishmen have, in part, themselves to blame for the unpopularity of the Commercial Treaty in France. They have been too frank in their acknowledgments that they are very anxious to see the treaty renewed, and the French manufacturers may have inferred from this that its operation has been entirely in favour of England. That we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the treaty is true, but it is equally true that the treaty has, to say the least, not been injurious to that very section of Frenchmen which has been most instrumental in preventing its renewal. In the year before the treaty came into operation the woollen manufacturers exported cloth and yarn to the value of 7,000,000/. After the treaty had been in operation for sixteen years they exported woollen cloth and yarn to the value of 14,000,000/. A trade which has doubled itself in sixteen years can hardly plead that it has been ruined. What the woollen manufacturers have in their minds when

they complain of the results of the treaty is probably the increase that has taken place in the importation of the same class of goods. Before the treaty the annual value of the woollen cloth imported into France was only 100,000/. After sixteen years it had grown to 3,700,000/. The manufacturers, no doubt, regard the growth from seven millions to fourteen as due to the natural progress of trade, whereas they hold the difference between 100,000/ and 3,700,000/ to be due specifically to the treaty. Possibly if we had shown less desire to renew the treaty, the French manufacturers would not have been so eager to detect imaginary points in it by which we had profited at their expense. There is no real contradiction between the statement that it would have been greatly to our interest that the recent negotiations should have been successful, and the statement that in the long run their failure will be more injurious to France than to England. It is quite possible for both countries to suffer by the expiration of the treaty, and yet for one to suffer more in proportion than the other. When France and England exchange goods under the general French tariff instead of, as now, under a conventional tariff, the English manufacturers who have hitherto exported goods to France will lose a valuable market, but the great body of the consumers will be very little affected by the change. On the other hand, the French manufacturers who have hitherto had to make head against the rivalry of English goods in their own markets will have the field to themselves, while the consumers and the producers of raw materials will be the sufferers. The English Government have very properly wished to benefit the English manufacturer, provided that they could do so without injuring the consumer, and they have consequently done what they could to renew the treaty. Now that their efforts have proved useless they may fairly comfort themselves with the reflection that it is, after all, the smaller of the two interests they had in charge that will suffer by the result. The French Government will not be able to find any similar satisfaction. They know that it is the multitude that has gone to the wall, and the minority that has got its own way.

Nor will even this minority have unalloyed reason for congratulating itself on the success it has achieved. The world has other markets beside the French and the English; and, under a system of Free-trade, the two countries would naturally contend for the command of these other markets. But as long as France retains her protective duties English manufacturers will be able to undersell the French in any market in which French goods are not subject to special remissions of duty. The effect of a high tariff does not come to an end when it has kept English goods out of the market and enabled the native manufacturer to fix his prices with exclusive reference to the outlay he himself has incurred. It raises the price of a large number of foreign goods which the manufacturer and his workmen are obliged to use, and in this way it makes it impossible for him to sell his goods in an unprotected market as cheaply as the English manufacturer can sell them. As Mr. FAWCETT has pointed out, the value of cotton goods exported from England to India in a single year was over 27,000,000/; the value of American and French cotton goods exported to India in the same year was respectively 99,000/ and 6,800/. If England loses by her manufactures being kept out of France and America, she will profit by the enormous sale which her manufactures must continue to command in neutral markets so long as French and American industry is handicapped by a protective tariff.

LORD DERBY AT LIVERPOOL.

THE promoters of the political gathering at Liverpool last Wednesday are to be congratulated on the skilful combination of Lord DALHOUSIE and Lord DERBY as representative spokesmen. They not only stand to each other in the interesting relation of client and patron, but the qualities of both may be said to be very felicitously complementary. The warmest admirers of Lord DERBY do not claim for him the faculty of inspiration. He is not inspired himself, and he does not inspire his audience. In the search for an epithet accurately descriptive of their distinguished recruit, Radical writers have not been able to hit on anything better than "refreshing"—an adjective suggestive of a certain coolness between hosts and guest. Lord DALHOUSIE, on the other hand, has for some time

past announced his readiness to sacrifice himself to make Liverpool Liberals a holiday. As a candidate for membership of the House of Commons, he showed himself open to conviction about the dismemberment of the Empire; and, as a full-fledged member of the House of Lords, he is quite ready to lay his order down as a mat for the feet of the Liverpool Liberals to trample upon. "Cheers," "Renewed laughter," and "Great laughter" stud the reports of Lord DALHOUSIE's agreeable persiflage on the Upper House, and there can be no doubt that this spectacle of an hereditary legislator dragging himself and his fellows in the mud helped to give a relish to the somewhat tasteless solid of Lord DERBY's oratory. It is odd, no doubt, to contrast this spectacle of Lord DALHOUSIE selling his birthright for such a mess of pottage as the casual cheers of after-dinner politicians with the reflections of a sober and unprejudiced thinker like M. SCHERER on the functions of Second Chambers. But, as it is extremely improbable that Lord DALHOUSIE ever heard of M. SCHERER, or that he regards politics as anything but a kind of sport in which a Radical peer is able at once to secure a position in inverse ratio to his intellectual capacities, the contrast may be dismissed as practically otiose.

It is not likely that the Liverpool Liberals were much rejoiced at Lord DERBY's speech; but that speech, nevertheless, is a document of considerable interest. It is sufficiently notorious that the processes of Lord DERBY's mind are conducted with a commendable absence of precipitation. His celebrated series of confessions after his retirement from the Ministry of Lord BEACONSFIELD sufficiently demonstrates this; but until Wednesday night it was not fully manifest how slowly the crystallization of Lord DERBY's political thought goes on. Speaking generally and roughly, the stages appear to be biennial. It took Lord DERBY two years of active and unprotesting co-operation in a "jingo" policy to discover that he could not remain a member of a "jingo" Government. It took him two years more to find out that it was equally impossible for him to remain a member of the Tory party. Yet a third period—*tertius ille uberrimus questuissimusque annus*, or rather *biennium*—was required to convince him that he had never been a Tory at all, and to furnish him with a complete code of Liberal principles which, with a list of the measures thereto appertaining, he announced on Wednesday night. It is a pity, perhaps, that, in announcing that he had never belonged to the Tory party, Lord DERBY should have for once forgotten the judicial attitude with which he is generally credited. We should suppose that there are not many Tories who would admit that the policy which they advocate and the state of social and political life which they desire to prolong are adequately described by the words "prerogative" and "ecclesiastical privilege." This, however, is comparatively unimportant; the important point is that Lord DERBY, after much thought, has definitely cast in his lot with a new party, a party which, to do it justice, does not seem quite to know what to make of him. His account of the grounds of his conversion is not, perhaps, altogether flattering to his fellow-believers. Lord DERBY, it seems, is a Liberal because he has "learned" "the uselessness of attempting to resist popular ideas." Translated into less seemly language, this appears to mean that Lord DERBY is, above all things, desirous to be on the winning side; that he rallies to the biggest battalions. It is cheering, no doubt, to the winning side to be told that it is winning; but somehow no winning side likes to have the ground of desertion to it stated in these terms. It is not thus that Mr. GLADSTONE has obtained his deserved popularity with his followers. For a practical man, as Lord DERBY pre-eminently is, he does not seem to have chosen his arguments altogether deftly. He should have said that he had once been the highest of Tories, but that pure reason and a moral consciousness of the sublimity of the Radical ideal has brought him round. As it is, it is no wonder that his reception seems to have been a little chilly, or, to adopt once more the authorized term, that a "refreshing" coolness seems to have been the aptest description of its temperature.

After all, however, the complicated processes which have been going on in Lord DERBY's mind, and the precise inducements which place him by the side of light hearts like Lord DALHOUSIE, are matters rather of curiosity than of serious public concern. He is by common consent a man of business, and it becomes especially interesting to know what he has to say on the business, the *agenda*, of

his new party. It is perhaps fortunate for the Cabinet and the Liverpool Liberals that Lord DERBY did not, in his own words, think proper to attempt a "controversial defence" of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government. A controversial defence, conducted on the lines of his celebrated article on the Irish Land Bill, would have been one of the most singular after-dinner speeches to a partisan audience that can well be conceived. The man of business wants to know what is going to be done in 1882, and is almost brutally indifferent to what has been done in 1881. Lord DERBY, it is interesting to know, is in favour of revision of the rules of the House of Commons, and of a *clôture*, though only by a substantial majority. But, with the curious malice or the still more curious innocence which characterized the whole speech, he proceeded at a later period to indicate the reason of his new friends' desire for this foreign word and thing. "It was not," he said, "the business of the Government to get rid of" a subservient Parliament—that is to say, Lord DERBY naturally did not call the present Parliament subservient, but amplified the term into "which is entirely in their interest, and full of reforming activity." It follows from this that it is not the business of the Cabinet to neglect any means of making the most of a Parliament which is so thoroughly *bien pensant*. After this, the elaborate explanations of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers that the reforms are the inevitable result of the progress of business, &c. &c. fall singularly flat. The new Radical recruit has let the cat out of the Radical bag. It is the business of the Government to make the most of a Parliament entirely devoted to its interest. From Parliamentary reform Lord DERBY went to Parliamentary oaths; and it is not surprising to find that he is in favour of Mr. BRADLAUGH. But so perspicacious a critic might have avoided the blunder of characterizing the proceedings of the House as inquisitorial. Lord DERBY might have been aware that the House is officially in possession of and face to face with Mr. BRADLAUGH's statement that the oath which he proposes to take is not binding on him. Then Lord DERBY handled Local Government, and it is again not surprising that, while he apparently thinks the present method all that can be desired in point of results, he is in favour of a change. When a man has candidly stated that it is useless to oppose popular ideas, anomalies of this sort are but necessary corollaries. But here again Lord DERBY committed a blunder in fact remarkable in so good a man of business. "He has no reason to expect that County Boards will be especially wasteful when they are elected by ratepayers." Clearly Lord DERBY has never heard of certain School Boards; clearly, also, he is ignorant of the existence of the United States of America. Extension of the franchise, and redistribution of seats, Lord DERBY regards from his general and commanding point of view. *Populus locutus est, causa finita est*, though it is *à propos* of this that he formulates that most inconvenient axiom about the business of Governments with Parliaments that are entirely in their interest. He will not have England separated from Ireland—it is not reported whether at this point Lord DALHOUSIE turned on him a look of mild reproach, or intimated his feelings in any other way—but any reassuring effect which this reserve might have is a little damaged by the remembrance that Lord DERBY's new leaders have not as yet pronounced themselves on this point against change. He thinks the dicta of the Land Sub-Commissioners "wild," but compensation is "impracticable." Restrictions on life-ownership in land are to be done away with; but, in another inconvenient burst of frankness, Lord DERBY characterizes that tenant's interest, of which Mr. GLADSTONE has oracularly said that not part, but the whole, is to be secured, as a thing which includes "something that does belong to him, and a good deal that does not." This is an abstract of a remarkable speech—an abstract in itself more instructive than quires of comment. The speech exhibits, perhaps as clearly as anything else on record, what may be not too strongly called the Hell of opportunism, the NEMESIS of the merely businesslike intellect. Perhaps it may be said that it also exhibits the awkwardness of merely opportunist and businesslike recruits. The fiercest opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government could not have said two more damaging things than Lord DERBY's description of a Government's business and Lord DERBY's definition of a tenant's interest.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON ELECTIVE GOVERNMENT.

AN article by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH on "The Machinery of Elective Government" contains, as might be expected, much interesting and instructive matter, with a large admixture of indignation and contempt. Having, as he says, seen "the working of elective government in "three countries, Great Britain, the United States, and a "British colony [Canada]," Mr. SMITH has combined unusual opportunities of observation with large knowledge of history and of political institutions. It may be convenient to state at the outset the principal conclusions which he seeks to establish. "He [Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH] "knows well that party government, a Second Chamber, "and direct election of the central Legislature by the "people at large, are regarded as immutable ordinances of "nature. Yet this does not shake his conviction that "a single central assembly, elected by the members "of local assemblies, and itself electing the Executive, will, after sufficient experience, be the form "finally assumed by elective governments." The local assemblies are, of course, not to be constituted for the sole purpose of electing the central Legislature; yet Mr. SMITH, with good reason, draws a wide distinction between the cases of political and of municipal suffrage. His knowledge of the corruption and robbery which prevail in the great American towns suggests that the franchise "ought to follow the rule of joint-stock Companies "rather than that of political communities," by being in some measure proportioned to the amount of contribution. If large ratepayers were allowed a plurality of votes, corporations could scarcely, in accordance with modern notions, or with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's well-known opinions, be allowed to elect the sovereign assembly. It is right to state that the uniform municipal suffrage of England has not, after a trial of nearly fifty years, resulted in pecuniary corruption on the part of the elected bodies. A valuable security against abuse is provided by the control which the courts of law exercise in case of need over municipal expenditure. Any ratepayer may secure the disallowance of the smallest item of expenditure on the ground of irregularity, even when there is no doubt of the honesty, or perhaps of the utility, of the outlay.

There is much to be said in favour of secondary election, which is at present applied in England only to the constitution of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The result of a solitary experiment is, on the whole, satisfactory. The members of the Board are rarely selected on party grounds, and almost always with some regard to their qualifications for office. Since the first establishment of the Board no demagogue is known to have taken part in its proceedings. One of the numerous evils which would ensue from the creation of a London municipality would be the almost certain introduction of direct and popular election for the governing body. In the present generation there is no chance of the application to Parliamentary purposes of the machinery of secondary election. Notwithstanding the justice of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's comments on the anomalies and mischievous consequences of party organization, the influence of the system becomes every day more universal. "The "nominations are everywhere usurped by party organizations and their proprietors, by caucuses and wire-pullers, "whose fell ascendancy, complete in the United States "and Canada, is being very rapidly extended to this "country." Municipal elections are now almost exclusively determined by considerations of political party. It is the object of the Liberal Federation or Caucus to bring all the corporations in the kingdom into the hands of the wire-pullers, who have established the most tyrannical of monopolies at Birmingham. The present PRIME MINISTER, the idol and dictator of Liberal politicians, interferes in almost every casual election, with the professed object of concentrating the efforts of the constituency on the accomplishment of party purposes. There can be no doubt that, if he finds leisure to disestablish the City Corporation, and to institute a municipal government for the metropolis, it will be carefully arranged in such a manner as to render local administration subordinate to political party. Even if it were possible that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's project of secondary election should be adopted, the returns would, in the present state of opinion and feeling, depend wholly on the comparative strength of parties. The election of the

Executive by the Legislature would be a much smaller innovation in England, if not in the United States; but it is scarcely worth while to consider a change which, however practicable, is undoubtedly remote.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's essay would scarcely be characteristic of the writer if it included no strong expressions of disapproval and condemnation. His deepest antipathy still attaches to those institutions in his own country which fail to satisfy his judgment. The Crown, the Church, and the House of Lords only receive so much toleration as may be extended to moribund abominations; but the wholly different institutions of other countries appear to an impartial censor scarcely more laudable. As a mixture of all the prismatic colours makes white, so a comprehensive denunciation of the principles and practice of many political communities leaves but an indistinct impression of true doctrine and sound practice. The resident in those countries has ceased to entertain the illusion that Abana and Pharpar are in any respect better than the waters of Israel. He has perhaps not sufficiently considered that nevertheless some water supply is indispensable to health and to life. The hereditary title of the House of Lords only provokes his contempt. The American House of Assembly, selected by universal suffrage, "is a body the meeting of "which is by all good citizens justly regarded with dis- "may, while its departure is welcomed as a deliverance." "When Canada is set to govern herself according to 'the "well-established principles of the British Constitution,' it soon appears that the principles are not so well under- "stood, or at least not so religiously observed, by colonial "politicians struggling for place as by the members of "the Carlton and Reform Clubs." France is little better than the United States or Canada. That country is, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH says, about to adopt, at GAMBETTA's dictation, the *Scrutin de liste*; "but this is a warning "to the rest of the world, the object of the measure "evidently being not to improve the elections, but, by "canceling all those local influences which on the whole "are the healthiest, to render a particular politician more "completely master of France." A judge of the last generation once replied to expressions of condolence on the dulness of a rainy Sunday at a country inn, that a man must be somewhere. It is equally true that a man must live under some kind of government.

It is perhaps not altogether a subject for complacency if it is true that, "in the communities of the New World, "the latest development of humanity, the hereditary "principle has failed to take root; the monarchs of "Brazil being merely a European dynasty in exile, the "life of which hangs by a thread." The latest development of humanity nevertheless fails to approve itself to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's judgment. "In what are called "the South American Republics, the attempt to introduce "elective institutions among Spanish Creoles and Indians "has totally failed." He might have added that the Empire of Brazil is the only South American State which has never been disturbed by revolution or civil war. It is more than probable that the liberated Spanish colonies would have succeeded as well as the great offshoot of Portugal, if they had been governed by hereditary kings, instead of by usurping conspirators. It would be generally assumed that hereditary government is impossible in the United States; but Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is not equally confident in the failure of General GRANT's intrigues. "The ambition of an ex-President, excited in this way, is "now riding the country like a nightmare; and nobody can "doubt that the aim of the men about him is "to place him in the office for life A "lapse into a dictatorship, and from a dictatorship "into something like a dynasty, would not be impossible "if the foreign element, untrained to self-government, "should become proportionately too large. . . . It would "be very far from impossible if, in addition to the foreign "element, female suffrage should be introduced." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH afterwards exposes in a comic and forcible argument the main objections to female suffrage. The reasons against the project, though conclusive, are so far comparatively unimportant that the government of women would still be impossible even if it had been established by law. A preposterous defiance of the laws of nature would be necessarily abortive. Another popular contrivance, of which Mr. SMITH, with more hesitation, inclines to disapprove, is the Ballot. He perhaps undervalues the advantages which the Liberal party

has derived from secret voting; but it would be unjust to attribute Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's political opinions to party motives. His judgment is more liable to disturbance by moral anger than by regard for the interests of any political association. Even the apparent inconsistencies into which he sometimes falls are the expressions of the feelings successively produced by separate provocations. In the early part of his essay he denounces the Tories as a party devoted exclusively to the protection of their own interests and property. Further on he declares that "in England Conservatism has of late been led into strange ways. If, instead of allying itself with beer and ignorance instead of intelligence, or stirring up war passions as revolutionary as they are wicked and destructive, it would take to guarding property and the family, its just influence in the State would be secured." *Ira furor brevis est.* The alleged alliance with beer was directed to the protection of the property of licensed victuallers. It can hardly be said that the sanctity of family ties has been gravely threatened in England, though in America, where uncontrolled democracy prevails, it has been seriously impaired.

THE IRISH LANDLORDS' MEETING.

THE Irish landlords who met on Tuesday at Dublin would scarcely, perhaps, appreciate congratulation at the present moment, for, standing as they do between the Land Court and the Land League, their position is not exactly one which invites any such cheerful expression of feeling. But they may certainly be congratulated on their attitude at the meeting itself. The ill-advised and abortive gathering which had been held some days before had done what it could to damage their prospects, and there were, no doubt, many of their enemies who hoped that they would adopt the same tone of querulous unreason. If it was so, these enemies must have been much disappointed. The only manifestation of ill-considered action—Lord JAMES BUTLER's amendment—was promptly negatived; and the formal resolutions which were actually proposed and carried were well drafted to suit the case. But it was the speeches made on these resolutions that were most remarkable. The addresses of the Duke of ABERCORN, of the Marquess of WATERFORD, and of Mr. KAVANAGH, to name no others, are documents which sum up as well probably as they could be summed up the facts of the case. Accordingly it is noteworthy that hostile critics have, almost with one accord, preferred either to keep silence about this meeting, or in discussing it to ignore altogether the facts and arguments brought forward. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking at Birmingham the same night, could not of course be expected to know what had been said at Dublin in the afternoon. But he furnished his partisans with an excuse, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, by begging the question which had just before been discussed. The meeting of Irish landlords devoted its energies to proving that recent provisional reductions of rent have been unfair, and demanding redress or compensation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his less excusable echoes devoted themselves to assuming that the reductions were fair, and then exclaiming at the impudence of those who complained of them. The very point at issue is the point thus quietly postulated. Writers in English journals who are content to take their facts at third hand from Lord MONCK's calculations, and who regard the lucky but late discovery of the Irish peasants' joint-proprietorship as a sufficient answer to every remonstrance, forget that neither of these things has anything to do with the matter. The question is not whether the Irish Land Act is a just measure, but whether the Irish Land Act was passed on the faith of one set of representations and is now being administered according to another.

Those who have followed the reports of the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners will not have much difficulty in answering this question. But those who have not done so may avoid the inconvenience of deciding without knowing the facts by no greater exercise of trouble than the reading of Mr. KAVANAGH's speech. Mr. KAVANAGH was a member of the Bessborough Commission. He is responsible (though not entirely in agreement with his colleagues) for a recommendation involving the admission of fair rent—that is, rent not settled by free contract and the highest biddings, but by arbitration—and he is acknowledged, even by those who politic-

ally differ with him, to be second to few men in Ireland, either in intellectual ability or in knowledge of the particular subject. The patient and temperate survey which Mr. KAVANAGH gave, first of the professions of Ministers in Parliament, and then of the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners in their courts, practically puts the whole matter within the comprehension of anybody and everybody. This speech has already had two remarkable results. It has elicited from Mr. FORSTER a contradiction of the statement made circumstantially by the Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, that secret instructions had been given to the Sub-Commissioners—a contradiction vainly demanded a week ago. It has, moreover, so thoroughly frightened the tenant-righters that they are hastily getting up an opposition meeting on purpose to counteract its effect. Yet it would be a great mistake for the Irish landlords to relax their efforts. When a Minister of the Crown can adopt such an argument against compensation as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's—the argument that, whether his Government is or is not pledged to it, it will cost a great deal of money—and when Radical organs all over the kingdom follow the line pointed out to them by the same authority, and declare in the teeth of evidence that Irish rents, as a whole, have been proved to be excessive, the character of the war is sufficiently obvious. It is probable that every effort will be made by the supporters of the Government not only to prevent the question of compensation from being discussed, but to stifle inquiry into the action and principles of the Sub-Commissioners. This latter feat, judging from the attitude of the more moderate members of their party, they may hardly be able to perform. But in order to prevent its performance it will be necessary to bring the facts of the case fully and repeatedly before the English constituencies. After all, it is the supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE who have most interest in preventing the conclusion that, if the Sub-Commissioners are allowed to continue as they have begun, the Irish Land Act was simply obtained on false pretences.

The state of Ireland itself cannot be said to have in any way improved. The appointment of the five magistrates, which was naturally thought to show some intention of energy on the part of the Government, has been surrounded with so many qualifying instructions, and the actual power granted them has been so limited, that very little can be hoped from it—at any rate for some time. Murders and outrages of all kinds are still rife, and it does not appear that the slightest impression has been made on the solid mass of No-rent resistance. Of the temper and moral attitude of the population fresh signs are constantly given. The succession of Mr. DAWSON to the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin has enabled the Council to accomplish the insult to decency which has been planned so long, and to confer the freedom of the City on Messrs. DILLON and PARNELL. A similar defiance to the Government—childish, indeed, but not the less significant—has been offered at Cork; but perhaps the strongest symptom of the complete demoralization of Ireland by the culpable toleration extended during the last two years to crime is to be found in the loathsome allusions to outrages upon animals attributed to a member of the Ladies' Land League, and said to have been greeted with laughter and cheers. It is evident that, if the Irish Republic could establish itself, it would have no difficulty in finding *tricoteuses*, if not something worse, for its guillotine. Nothing has yet been more characteristic of the whole action of the Government than its attitude towards this Ladies' Land League. The members of that institution are certainly not deserving of the faintest sympathy; but the vigour with which the Government is punishing their inability to discern, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the exact moment when anti-social agitation ceases to be laudable and becomes blameworthy, has something of comedy about it. If half the energy now displayed against young women with Irish-American names and against bundles of contraband newspapers had been used a year ago against murderers and encouragers to murder, advocates of organized plunder and instigators to social terrorism, Ireland would be in a very different condition now to that in which it actually is. It seems to have been forgotten by those who watched the growth of the Land League so affectionately—allowing it to do just its day's work for them and nothing more—that it is not easy to calculate the exact amount of whirlwind which such a process of husbandry will return as crop. It is not surprising that some Ministers, who probably have a shrewder notion of the situation than their colleagues or

their party generally, should be anxious at any price to stifle inquiry into the action of the Land Court. Perhaps some persons have all along intended that Ireland should be quieted by a bribe. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that neither the majority of the House of Commons nor the majority of the English constituencies had any intention of sanctioning such a plan. They were told by a Minister whom they were willing to believe on his bare word that a certain measure was required to redress a very few cases of wrong in the past and to prevent the possibility of such wrong in the future. They were assured that this measure would not injure, and was not intended to injure, the mass of the Irish landlords, and that therefore the talk of compensation was unnecessary. They are now told by another Minister that it will do harm to the Irish landlords to the extent of a hundred millions, and that, therefore, the talk of compensation is absurd. It is perhaps sufficient to state the two arguments side by side.

THE VERDICT IN THE CANONBURY ACCIDENT.

THE verdict in the inquest on the persons killed in the Canonbury railway accident allows the real sinners to escape with very slight blame. There has seldom been a disaster of the kind in which the cause was more clearly traced. It was unmistakeable from the moment that the two signalmen had given their evidence, and no testimony afterwards taken in the least weakened the conclusion to which the facts then pointed. The evidence given on the last day of the inquest by the signal inspectors of the Great Northern and the North London lines confirmed in all essential particulars the statements of the signalmen. The point it was most important to determine was, it will be remembered, the meaning of the signal of seven beats. Mr. PIGGOTT, signal inspector on the Great Northern Railway, declared that he himself did not look upon seven beats as a block. Mr. ALCOCK, signal inspector of the North London line, declared that seven beats meant "block on line; allow nothing to pass." The explanation of these conflicting interpretations of one and the same signal is simple. Each interpretation is correct, because the two refer to different codes of signals. Seven beats means a block on the North London line, and does not mean a block on the Great Northern line. The consequence was that, when the Great Northern signalman received the seven beats, he had to consult the North London code in order to discover what it directed him to do. If this had happened at some remote station on a branch line it might not have much mattered. Theoretically, no doubt, it is well for a signalman not to have to learn his business as a train is approaching, even on the least frequented lines; but in practice no harm might have followed. He would, at all events, have had time to read to the end the particular instructions relating to the seven beats. In the present case, the Great Northern signalman had to receive, answer, interpret, and transmit signals at the rate of one a minute, and under these circumstances it is not wonderful that as soon as he had found that seven beats stood for "permissive block" he jumped to the conclusion that "permissive block" on the North London line meant the same thing as "permissive block" on the Great Northern line. Unluckily it meant nothing of the kind, and the signalman admitted that had he read "paragraph No. 7," which explained what "permissive block" did mean on the North London line, he would not have allowed the trains to go on, and the accident would never have happened. In its literal sense, therefore, the verdict of the jury is perfectly correct. "The collision was the direct result of the unauthorized mode of working the 'four passenger trains introduced by the signalman HENRY HOVEY.'" Where the verdict is inadequate is in the censure it passes on an arrangement by which a man trained in the signal system of one Company is put to interpret signals given by a man trained in the signal system of another Company, at a point where a tunnel, with a sharp curve in it, is interposed between the two signal-boxes, and trains are passing along the rails as fast as it is possible to send them. These facts are admitted by all concerned. There are the several codes of instructions to prove the divergence of the two systems of signalling. There is Mr. PIGGOTT's admission that every signalman on the Great Northern line is specially examined as to the code of the Great Northern, but not as to the code of the North London line. There is Mr. ALCOCK's statement that

no man goes into a signal-box on the North London line until he has shown that he thoroughly understands the code, but that he "did not instruct HOVEY, because he was 'no man of his.'" All, however, that the verdict says on these points is that the "jury suggest that a less complicated code of instructions should be arranged, and, if possible, a uniform code established." On what the jury based the first of these recommendations is not very obvious. The code of instructions in use on one or both of the lines concerned may be needlessly complicated; but there is nothing to show that the accident was in any way attributable to this cause. It was really due, over and above everything else, to the existence of two codes of instructions where there ought to have been only one.

Whose fault was it that these two codes existed? It might conceivably have been nobody's fault. The accident might have happened at some remote junction of two lines belonging to different Companies, where it was only by an unusual combination of circumstances that one train came in the way of another. Strictly speaking, perhaps, uniformity of signalling ought even then to be enforced upon both Companies. But it is not expedient to interfere more than is absolutely necessary with the manner in which a private association carries on its business; and, where the servants of a railway Company have long been accustomed to a particular code of signals which are in use perhaps over half the country, it might be vexatious to insist upon their learning another because once in a way it may avert a risk which is never likely to be serious. But to employ two different codes on a piece of line like that on which this accident happened is simply to court danger under circumstances which ensure that the invitation will not be always disregarded. The lines that run into Broad Street are the most crowded probably of all those that serve the vast suburban traffic which has grown up round London. They are fed by a district entirely inhabited by people who have to be in the City every day, and who have no other means than the railway of getting to their ordinary work. The lines which converge upon Broad Street are not all in the hands of one Company. Two Companies, at least, use the same metals, and run their trains into the same station. This would not necessarily be a cause of danger, provided that proper precautions were taken to meet the peculiar conditions under which the traffic on this part of the line is carried on. The risk does not lie in the misunderstanding of the signals which are given to the drivers of the trains. These pretty much resolve themselves into a direction to stop and a direction to go on, and unless by some extraordinary perversity the signal which conveys one of these meanings to the drivers of one Company were to convey the opposite meaning to the drivers of the other, there might not be not much room for blundering. But as between signalman and signalman the case is different. The intimation which of these two directions shall be given to the drivers of a train is conveyed from signal-box to signal-box by telegraph, and the nature of the direction given to the driver depends entirely upon the meaning which the occupant of one box places upon the beats of the telegraphic signal transmitted to him by the occupant of the other. If he rightly understands his code, he has before him an exact register of the state of the line half a mile off. He knows whether it is blocked or open, and he determines accordingly whether to delay a train or to send it on. As has been frequently said, the circumstances under which this news is conveyed and acted upon on the North London line are peculiarly exhausting. The trains at certain hours are timed to follow one another as closely as possible; and as with each of them a signalman has to telegraph to the next station to know whether the line is clear and to receive an answer back again before allowing a train to pass, and to do this without causing a moment's unnecessary delay, the communications between the signal-boxes go on at the rate of about one a minute. It is scarcely credible that with this immense and unavoidable strain upon the faculties of the signalmen, the North London and the Great Northern Companies should have placidly continued, and not impossible intend placidly to continue, to employ on this exceptional piece of line signalmen trained and examined by different signal inspectors and accustomed to guide themselves by different codes of instructions. If there is one element of safety more plainly indispensable than another, it is that all the signalmen on the line over which the trains of both Companies run should belong to one or other of them, or else that the code of

instructions used by the two Companies should be identical. Either the seven beats, of which so much has been heard in the course of this inquiry, should mean precisely the same thing to the signalmen of both Companies, or the signalmen of one Company only should be employed upon that section of the line on which alone any misunderstanding can arise. The degree of safety obtained by the former method would be greater than that obtained by the latter, inasmuch as, so long as the codes are different, there must be a point at which a signalman trained in one of them has to convey information to a signalman trained in the other. Still, the danger arising from this cause at a single junction would be infinitesimal compared with that which has to be encountered when the same cause is in operation, not at a single junction only, but all along the most crowded part of the line. This, however, is the state of things which the Great Northern and the North London Companies have deliberately allowed to exist; and though apparently no legal responsibility can be fixed on them—except by that rude and indirect method which it is to be hoped the juries in the coming compensation cases will not forget to employ freely—the moral responsibility for the accident, and for the death and suffering caused by it, lies upon them, and not upon the unlucky signalman whose “error of judgment” the coroner’s jury has so strangely singled out for censure.

MYTHOLOGY AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.

“WHAT makes mythology mythological, in the true sense of the word, is what is utterly unintelligible, absurd, strange, or miraculous.” So says Mr. Max Müller in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Men’s attention would never have been surprised into the perpetual study and questioning of mythology if it had been intelligible and dignified, and if its stories had been in accordance with the reason of civilized and cultivated races. What mythologists wish to discover is the origin of the countless disgusting, amazing, and incongruous legends which occur in the myths of all known peoples. According to Mr. Müller—

There are only two systems possible in which the irrational element in mythology can be accounted for. One school takes the irrational as a matter of fact; and if we read that Daphne fled before Phœbus, and was changed into a laurel tree, that school would say that there probably was a young lady called Aurora, like, for instance, Aurora Königsma; that a young man called Robin, or possibly a man with red hair, pursued her, and that she hid behind a laurel tree that happened to be there. This was the theory of Euhemerus, re-established by the famous Abbé Bernier [Mr. Müller doubtless means Banier], and not quite extinct even now. According to another school, the irrational element in mythology is inevitable, and due to the influence of language on thought, so that many of the legends of gods and heroes may be rendered intelligible if only we can discover the original meaning of their proper names. The followers of this school try to show that Daphne, the laurel tree, was an old name for the Dawn, and that Phœbus was one of the many names of the sun, who pursued the dawn till she vanished before his rays. Of these two schools, the former has always appealed to the mythologies of savage nations, as showing that gods and heroes were originally human beings, worshipped after their death as ancestors and as gods, while the latter has confined itself chiefly to an etymological analysis of mythological names in Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, and other languages, such as had been sufficiently studied to admit of a scientific, grammatical, and etymological treatment.

This is a long text for our remarks on Hottentot mythology; but it is necessary to prove that there is a school of mythologists who neither follow the path of the Abbé Banier, nor of the philologists, but a third way, unknown to, or ignored by, Mr. Müller. We certainly were quite unaware that Banier and Euhemerus were very specially concerned, as Mr. Müller thinks, with savage mythology. At all events, the school of mythologists whom Mr. Müller does not take into account are by no means of opinion that “gods and heroes were originally human beings” as a universal proposition. They allow for the existence of numerous nature-gods, like those, for example, of the Maoris, and only suppose a god to have been once a real human being when the evidence for that fact is as overwhelming as Mr. A. C. Lyall has proved it to be in some cases in India. This school does not hold anything so absurd as that Daphne was a real girl pursued by a young man. But it has observed that, among most savage races, metamorphoses like that of Daphne not only exist in mythology, but are believed to occur very frequently in actual life. Men and women are believed to be capable of turning into plants (as the bamboo in Sarawak), and animals, and stones, and stars, and those metamorphoses occur as contemporary events. Savage mythology is also full of them. Therefore the mythologists whose case we are stating, when they find similar metamorphoses in the classical mythologies, conjecture that these were first invented when the ancestors of the Aryans were in the same imaginative condition in which a score of rude races are to-day. The same explanation they apply to many other irrational elements in mythology. They do not say, “Something like the events narrated in these stories once occurred,” but “These stories were invented when men were capable of believing in their occurrence as a not unusual sort of incident.” They distrust the explanations of the philo-

logists, partly because they do not cover the wide area in which irrational myths are found, partly because there is absolute proof that a story is often older than the names which occur in its classical form, but chiefly because of the extreme laxity of the logic of the philologists, and the fantastic way in which they deal with linguistic facts about which, after all, they often do not agree among themselves.

After this prelude we may approach the “Supreme Being of the Hottentots,” as described by Dr. Hahn, custodian of the Grey Collection at Cape Town. Dr. Hahn’s book, published by Messrs. Trübner, is that of a man who is both a philologist and believer in philological methods and a close student of savage manners and customs. He has long observed the Hottentots, or *Khoi Khoi*, a yellowish race of pastoral men, allied by blood, Dr. Hahn thinks, to the much less cultivated and probably degraded *So*, or Bushmen. Dr. Hahn gives abstracts of old accounts of the religion and mythology (a very different thing) of the Khoi Khoi. It is agreed that “cairns are still objects of worship, where they assemble to offer prayers to the deceased or to the supreme being, *Tsuigoab*.” The question arises, Is *Tsuigoab*, “the supreme being,” himself no more than the ghost of a dead man? Kolb, a Dutch settler, says (English translation, 1738) that the Hottentots adore the moon, and “likewise pay a Religious Veneration to their Saints and Men of Renown departed.” They have also an evil deity, “a little crabbed inferior Captain”; and Kolb mentions their worship of the Mantis insect. Later travellers, quoted by Dr. Hahn, speak of the offerings made at cairns because “a Hottentot was buried there.” Dr. Hahn himself has known a man to worship at his father’s grave; and it is, in fact, admitted that the Hottentots are an ancestor-worshipping people. The Namaquas, a branch of the race, aver that their great father, *Heije Eibib*, is below the cairn on which they throw bushes. And it seems to be the universal faith of the Hottentots that their chief god, *Tsuigoab*, was once a man, now dead and buried. But the very language of the hymns in which they address, with deep and pathetic religious feeling, “the father of fathers,” suggests to the European observer that *Tsuigoab* is probably no real ancestor of recent times, but a being of the imagination, a fancied ancestor and protector, imaginatively endowed with human attributes.

What are these attributes? Here we touch the irrational element in mythology. The universal creed of the children of *Tsuigoab* is that he was once a medicine-man or sorcerer, nicknamed “wounded knee” (*Tsu*=sore, *gob*=knee), from a hurt he received in battle. It must be observed that a kind of hymns and dances, performed in honour of *Tsuigoab*, is also performed in honour of two warriors of the fights that occurred fifteen years ago. Though the Hottentots thus believe implicitly that their god was a medicine man, a mythologist of the school which we oppose to Mr. Müller’s Euhemeristic and philological schools is apt to hold another opinion. He regards any “first ancestor” with great suspicion, as probably a mere fancied being. And he sees in *Tsuigoab* just such a fancied being as the “first man” of other races, decked out in the savage pomp and circumstance of a warrior and sorcerer. This scepticism is confirmed by the too numerous graves of one man, and by the occurrence of lame gods in the religion of Australian and Brazilian and Greek races, as well as among the Hottentots. It is not unlikely that some common unexplained cause may account for this curious common attribute of lameness in a god.

The Hottentots, then, have not only a good god, but a bad god, named *Gaunab*. This dualistic system is, at least, as common among savages as among civilized religions. Some Hottentots hold that the good *Tsuigoab* lives in the red sky, and the bad *Gaunab* in the black sky, and that *Gaunab* once wounded *Tsuigoab* on the knee. The same people still hold that the dweller in the red sky was a chief on earth. These confusions are constant in savage and not absent from civilized mythologies. We now come to a singular fact, not stated by Dr. Hahn. He admits that *Gaunab* (the bad god) is the native name of the Mantis insect, which it is not denied that the Hottentots worship. And he accounts for the singular coincidence that *Gaunab* is also the bad spirit, by deriving the two names, or the one name, from two different roots. *Gaunab*, the insect, is “he who shows luck” (*δέρηται εύων*). *Gaunab*, the bad god, is “at first a ghost” (p. 83), or, as the name means “destroyer,” can be “nobody else but the night.” Why must a destroyer be “certainly nobody else but the night”? We fail to see the cogency, especially as Dr. Hahn has already declared that *Gaunab* “was at first a ghost.” But we wished to point out a curious coincidence unnoticed by Dr. Hahn. The worshipped Mantis insect, *Gaunab*, has no connexion, he says, with the other *Gaunab*. Now the Bushmen are akin by race, he says, to the Hottentots. In the Bushman mythology (Bleek’s *Brief Account of Bushman Folklore*) this very Mantis, *kaggen*, is the most prominent figure, and is a kind of eccentric, humorous, limited creator, supposed to mislead Bushmen by putting evil thoughts into the sides of their throats. This mischievous Mantis insect god corresponds in character to some extent both with the insect *Gaunab* and the bad spirit *Gaunab* of Hottentot mythology, and suggests that these two beings of one name are not absolutely distinct. But Bushmen of the wildest regions adore a god and creator named *Cagn*, to whom they pray “O *Cagn*, *Cagn*, are we not your children; do you not see our hunger? give us food, and he gives us both hands full.” This benevolent, though capricious, *Cagn* is said by Dr. Bleek to be identical with *kaggen*, the Mantis insect supernatural being of the Bushmen of the Western provinces (*Cape Monthly Magazine*, July 1874). These

singular coincidences prevent us from accepting with absolute conviction either Dr. Hahn's theory that Gaunab is the night, or that he was originally a ghost. In spite of his philological arguments, we cannot but surmise that Gaunab may have as much to do with Mantis insects as with night or ghosts. Meanwhile Dr. Hahn is of opinion that our old friend Tsuigoab, wounded knee, is no sorcerer, but the Infinite in disguise. He argues it out thus:—Gaol means knee, but it also means the dawn. “It is now obvious that goab in Tsuigoab cannot be translated with knee, but we have to adopt the other metaphorical meaning, . . . i.e. the Dawn.” We really do not see the obviousness. But “wounded Dawn” has no meaning, so a new sense must be found for Tsu. Dr. Hahn argues that tsu means sore, that a wound is red, “and thus tsu can signify red.” But this reasoning is not cogent, nor is any example given of tsu in the sense of red. Yet by this sort of logic Dr. Hahn proves that Tsuigoab means, not “wounded knee,” but Red Dawn. The step from the Dawn to the Infinite is readily taken by believers in Mr. Max Müller's theory of the origin of religion as expounded in his *Hibbert Lectures*. The translation of Tsuigoab as “Red Dawn” is confirmed, in Dr. Hahn's opinion, by the fact that one set of Hottentots locate Tsuigoab in the red sky, that a hymn speaks of an identical god as “Thou who paintest thyself with red ochre,” and that the Hottentots pray at dawn with their faces to the East. Many savage men in all lands daub themselves and their gods with red ochre, but we fail to see what that has to do with dawn, except that both are red. The opposition of Gaunab and Tsuigoab is now explained as that of darkness and day.

To mythologists of the school whose opinions we are trying to defend all these philological arguments seem rather wild. But whether Tsuigoab means “wounded knee” or “Red Dawn,” whether Gaunab means grasshopper, ghost, or night, does not really affect their argument or their opinion. They merely state that the “irrational element” in this myth, the part about worshipful medicine-men, and worship of cairns, and adoration of an insect, and dread of ghosts, is the growth of the savage state of imagination, of the savage way of looking at the world. Probably from the same condition of intellect the Cretans derived their belief that they possessed the grave of Zeus, just as the Hottentots possess the grave of Tsuigoab. From the savage intellectual condition, too, in which the power of metamorphosis seems an ordinary accomplishment, we are inclined to derive the metamorphoses of Greece; and from the savage belief in descent from animals the Greek theory that Zeus or Posidon, in an animal form, was the ancestor of the great heroic houses. As to Tsuigoab, if the philological theory that he is the dawn be incorrect, we may suggest that perhaps an ideal ancestor was merged in the fame of a real sorcerer, just as, in Australia, a real sorcerer has been dubbed with the name and accredited with the powers of a certain invisible supernatural being (Ridley's *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*). But this is a mere conjecture, based on analogous confusions in other creeds.

THE BROWNING SOCIETY.

MR. F. J. FURNIVALL has been, in his day and in his way, a benefactor as well as a malefactor in respect of English literature, but his benefits have, on the whole, outweighed his evil deeds. If he and his friends have chosen to treat Chaucer as if he were an early Christian in the arena or a fly in the hands of amiable and innocent childhood, Chaucer is not any the worse for it; and such of his admirers as retain the faculty of literary appreciation can take down their old-fashioned Tyrwhitt, read it, and thank God therefor. On the other hand, if it had not been for Mr. Furnivall, an actual knowledge of much early English literature would have been far more difficult than it is to persons who have moderate means, not much time to spare, and neither eyes nor inclination for the deciphering of manuscripts. The long rows of the Early English Text Society's books are something more than a compensation for scholastic absurdities about the Chaucerian canon. “There is my warrant,” Mr. Furnivall may say, as he points to the said rows; and it must be acknowledged, to pursue the quotation, that it is written in fair characters. The tolerant critic will not consider that Mr. Furnivall has exhausted his stock of indulgences even in connexion with Shakespeare. It is in the nature of some Germans and Englishmen to talk nonsense about Shakespeare, but fortunately nobody is compelled to read it. It does no more harm to *Hamlet* and *Othello*, to *Much Ado About Nothing* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, than silly commentaries and sillier sermons do to the Bible. If the Chaucer Society could enter our houses and make us tear out the *Court of Love* and the *Flower and the Leaf* from our copies; or if the New Shakespeare Society could impose on us the necessity of reading so much about stopt lines and weak endings for so many lines of the text, then the matter would be serious. But, as it is, Mr. Furnivall and *oī περὶ αὐτῶν* have given us much and taken away nothing, unless we choose—a state of things deserving gratitude. Therefore, when some time ago Mr. Furnivall started a Browning Society, it only became a further question of balancing accounts. The thing was absurd, of course, and it was somewhat annoyingly absurd because it tended to throw ridicule upon a poet who, with some dross, has given us some of the best poetical gold of our time. But the tolerant man still looked at his rows of texts, and Lonelich and Robert of Brunne and the Babees Book, and all the rest of them,

pleaded for Mr. Furnivall. “Write a little more off for this,” they said (though it is to be doubted whether Robert of Brunne would have employed that exact phrase), “and there will still be left a good deal to his credit.” So it was written off, and still there remained a satisfactory balance. But the thought naturally occurred that Mr. Furnivall was getting through his property at a tremendous rate, and that he would have to “stick to it in Westminster Hall for this.” Besides, the particular form of extravagance was alarming. A Tennyson Society might follow, and in that case Series and Extra-Series alike would be insufficient to pay the debt.

Mr. Furnivall, however, it would appear (and indeed it was sufficiently to be anticipated), was by no means inclined to accept this apologetic view of things, or to appreciate the mercy which for a long time critics showed to his new fad. Two daily newspapers ventured on a mild joke to the effect that Mr. Browning's recent silence was probably to be attributed to the Browning Society, which had “informed him that he was a classic.” Mr. Furnivall was down on this ribaldry at once, pointing out that the Browning Society was most anxious to stimulate the productive powers of its eponym, and had already announced a new book by him. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which dared to devote a whole article, and not a complimentary one, to the Browning Society, has been much more severely treated. In its issue of Monday last it had to admit a terrible reprimand from Mr. Furnivall. “Do you not think that you would have employed your space more profitably . . . than by attempting to ridicule the efforts of people who perhaps know more of the poet than you do?” This is the identical style of Thackeray's celebrated “Thorn Letters.” “I think it would be better if you would reform your own life, instead of telling lies of those who are immeasurably your superiors.” Another passage from the same documents is forcibly called to mind by Mr. Furnivall's further remarks. “I also have to inform you,” said the correspondent who dated from Theatre Royal, Donnybrook, “that theatrical managers are in the habit of speaking good English, possibly better English than authors.” The *Pall Mall* had inadvertently jibed at the literary quality of the papers read before literary societies, and had suggested that the function of these bodies was the publication of rejected essays. “I have never,” says Mr. Furnivall, “known a literary society of repute publish a rejected essay”—it may be suggested, in passing, that the authors are not particularly likely to mention the fact of rejection—but Mr. Furnivall did know a case in which he himself got into a quarterly review an essay which he had rejected as not able enough for a literary society. “Also I have fairly often, as representative of a literary society, advised ignorant editors.” That is what may be called one for the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Then Mr. Furnivall passes to the question at issue. “Let us come to the point,” says he—the point of the probability of the Browning Society's papers being weaker than public reviews. He challenges the ignorant editor to produce, “from his own journal, or from any other review, living or dead,” a paper on Browning equal to that by Mr. Sharp of Gissing, “one of our Cambridge Hebrew scholars.” Again, “Will he” (“he” is the wretched *Pall Mall Gazette* man who has sneered at a paper on Browning's relation to Hegel) “write an essay on the great subjects and thoughts common to the philosopher and poet, and publish it on or near the day when our accomplished Sanscrit and German scholar” (German is the language of Hegel; *gu* is Sanscrit the language of Mr. Browning?) “reads his paper?” Then Mr. Furnivall goes to *Fifine*. Does the *Pall Mall Gazette* reviewer understand it? If he does, Mr. Furnivall is sure that he has never written on it, for nobody ever reviewed more than “a part of the surface of the book.” Here, again, there is a challenge; the miserable *P. M. G.* scribbler is to be pitted against our Mr. Nettleship, and Mr. Furnivall “ventures to say that Mr. Nettleship will not be second.” Lastly (and here we come back again to the Theatre Royal, Donnybrook, style) “some of us men and women in the Browning Society believe ourselves to have as much knowledge of literature and life as any writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c. &c. To conclude (for Mr. Furnivall seems to adopt the Dogberryan meaning of “lastly”), a general challenge to an examination in Browning is offered to any *Pall Mall Gazette* reviewer, and no doubt to any reviewer or non-reviewer outside the charmed circle of the Browning Society.

The first feeling that must occur to any but malicious persons on reading this extraordinary epistle must be one of sincere condolence with Mr. Browning. Whether he might not have prevented his name being thus taken in vain, or at least have publicly protested, may indeed be a question. It is curious that in the last few years two distinguished persons have had this dilemma put to them by indiscreet admirers, “Will you be made a fool of, or will you do an apparently ungracious act?” The circumstances were astonishingly similar; the conduct of the victims was remarkably different. Lord Beaconsfield said in effect, “No man but myself shall make a fool of me,” and squelched Mr. Tracy Turnerelli and his wreath. Mr. Browning said, “No man shall make me do an apparently ungracious thing,” and suffered, whether gladly or not we cannot say, Mr. Furnivall and his Society. There can be no doubt which course of conduct was the more amiable; none, also, which was the wiser. Mr. Browning has been sufficiently punished. If any poet ever found himself in a more absurd position than his, that poet's misfortunes have not been recorded in literary history. He is proposed as a kind of hare, which two greyhounds, the *Pall Mall Gazette* reviewer and our Mr. Sharp of Gissing, are to competitively worry. As if this were not enough, he is held up as unintelligible by any one who is not sealed of the tribe of “us

men and women." It is possible that this may seem to Mr. Furnivall a compliment; it will hardly seem so to any one else. As for Mr. Browning himself, the standards which Mr. Furnivall's letter sets before him are clear, but of doubtful wholesomeness. Henceforward, not only is the ignorant public reviewer challenged to understand him in times past, but he himself is obviously challenged as to time future. If he has a spark of sporting feeling, let alone belief in his art, he will not at once admit the omniscience of Mr. Sharp of Gissing. "I am more than you men and women can understand" is the natural correction in Mr. Browning's mind of Mr. Furnivall's assertion that he is more than any one but us men and women can understand. What poet of spirit, definitely informed by a competent authority that general unintelligibility is the test of excellence, would hesitate to accept the implied challenge, despite all the two-handed engines at the door—the Mr. Sharps, with their knowledge of Hebrew and Browning, and the unnamed scholars with their knowledge of Sanscrit and German? For our own part, we incline to back Mr. Sharp of Gissing, whose pardon we ask for this irreverent employment of his name, but who has only to thank his Director (or whatever Mr. Furnivall is called) for it. After all, if a man says he understands even the unintelligible, how is anybody to prove that he does not? By the terms of the challenge, he and the other men and women, who are obviously not quite uninterested referees, are judges of their own cause. We can therefore imagine Mr. Sharp of Gissing adopting the famous Lucretian formula, and threatening to follow Mr. Browning to the limits of thought, and understand him whether he will or not.

Of course the absurdity, great as it is, will not damage Mr. Browning one tithe in the opinion of his real and true admirers. He has indeed himself touched off the mania of these fantastic devotees very happily by anticipation in a famous phrase of "Bishop Blougram." If men and women want to see points in his soul which are hidden from profane reviewers, and find assistance and comfort in sitting round his works in company, like the contemplators of the Mesmeric *baquet* a hundred years ago, let them by all means. But follies of the sort should at least be kept private. When they are not only made public, but made the occasion of such absurd writing as that which we have quoted, only one conclusion can be drawn—namely, that the Browning Society exists not so much to worship Mr. Browning as to *prôner* itself and its members. Mr. Browning's work is considerable, and "we men and women" have an excellent opportunity of mutual admiration. Our accomplished Hebrew scholar can give and take with our Sanscrit and German pundit. Mr. Nettleship is, it appears, the only man living who understands *Fifine*; Mr. X. can devote himself to the identification of the particular scrofulous novel of a well-known passage; Mr. Y. can prove indisputably which was the "jolly chapter of Rabelais" mentioned elsewhere; and Mr. Z. can make a monopoly of the knowledge of the price, vintage, and merchant of the "bottle of Chablis" which Mr. Browning very reprehensibly makes rhyme thereto. There are thus infinite primacies in the gift of (we suppose) Mr. Furnivall. There are some unkind people who say that longing for notoriety is the curse of the present day. It may be so; but it seems not an unreasonable request that, if the longing must be indulged, it should be at some other expense than that of the living leaders of English literature, even if they should be good-natured or weak enough not to object to pay the price.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

IT is doubtful whether the importance of recent events in the New World has been fully estimated. The war between Chili and the neighbouring Republics of Peru and Bolivia has been taken, apparently as a matter of course, as only another instance of the anarchy which is supposed to be the permanent condition of those States. The diplomatic action of the United States has indeed surprised some English observers into a degree of attention which they rarely give to the international politics of America; but for the most part it has been considered a mere act of arrogance, or justified as a measure for securing due influence. It remains to be seen what will be the result of the circular, inviting "an International Conference" at Washington, which was sent out by Mr. Blaine before his retirement from office. In point of fact, the nature of the war and the negotiations which have followed it show that the States of the New World are entering into wholly new relations to one another, and consequently to Europe. The struggle of Chili and Peru has been a war conducted like the wars of civilized European States, and with conspicuous energy and ability. Although its consequences have been to throw Peru into a state of anarchy, it had previously been carried on by her with a considerable amount of organizing and governing faculty. The victories of the Chilian fleets and armies reflect the greatest credit on the administration of the Republic. Only a State which had attained to a very highly organized government could have conducted a war on such a scale to a successful issue. It might have been wiser, as some of her uninformed advisers in the English press have insisted, for Chili to submit quietly to the robbery of her citizens in Atacama, but when she resisted she only did what any European nation would have done. The war affords another proof that the South American Re-

publics have passed beyond the stage of mere anarchy and government by pronunciamientos. There is a very hackneyed phrase of Canning's which it is scarcely necessary to quote, though it is suggested by the subject. A very few years were enough to show the hopelessness of supposing that the New World would ever redress the balance of the Old. America must necessarily from its position stand always apart from the political system of Europe; but it is not uninteresting to speculate on what will be the balance of power within its own limits. For England the question has a practical importance. She must necessarily be concerned in the political affairs of a continent a considerable part of which still belongs to the British Empire, and with which she has a great commercial connexion.

It is obvious that any political system which may be formed to regulate the relations of States in America must differ essentially from anything that has been seen in Europe. There does not exist in the New World either the same variety of type or the same equality in power among the different States. American international politics are marked by the features which we are told distinguish American landscape. Its divisions are large and simple. In place of the immense and fertile variety of Europe it can show only two well-marked types of nationality, the English and the Spanish. And the geographical division is equally simple. All the people of one type are north of the Mexican frontier, and all the others south of it. There is perhaps not an absolute dead level on either side of the line. There are variations within the United States themselves, but merely in detail. Among the different Republics of South America, with which Mexico and Brazil may be included, there are also degrees in civilization and energy. The difference between a State like Chili, where the whole governing class and the larger part of the population is of pure European blood, and a State such as Bolivia, in which the white conquerors have been almost wholly absorbed by the natives, is, no doubt, very considerable. And there are other elements of diversity. The Portuguese of Brazil, like the Portuguese of Europe, are divided from their Spanish neighbours by certain differences of language and character, but they form only a slight variety of one type. South America, by which, from a political point of view, is meant everything south of the northern frontier of Mexico, is even less likely to vary than the North, for it is less affected by European immigration. The abolition of slavery has rendered any further considerable settlement of the tropical regions by men of a white race nearly impossible, and even the more temperate parts do not appear to tempt many settlers. The few who do come generally fix themselves in the cities. It might appear natural that there should be at least some immigration from Spain; but the Spaniards who do not go to Cuba generally settle in Algeria, where their qualities as colonists make them disagreeably active rivals of the French. Indeed, Spain is still nominally at war with Chili; and, apart from that, the hatred of Spanish Americans towards the mother-country exceeds the wildest passion affected by the most fluent of stump orators in the United States. The only State which may prove an exception to the rule is the Argentine Republic, which has been largely favoured by Italian settlers. But it has been noticed that the Italians and other settlers even of the Northern races who establish themselves in the South American Republics become very rapidly assimilated to the prevailing Spanish type. It is a proof of the energy of the Spanish race that it has stamped its character so deeply on the peoples of widely distant regions, and that, though always a small minority, it has made the use of its language universal. Chili, the one Republic in which the conquering race remained nearly free from admixture with the Indians, is the foremost among them in intelligence and character. But, though differing in degree, they are all cast in the same mould, and from Mexico to Buenos Ayres the political world of South America consists wholly of better or worse specimens of the same sort of thing. It is not a high stamp of State. A social dead level, and a very low standard of intelligence and education, are the distinguishing features of all of them with the exception of Chili, which is really governed by an aristocracy. Politics are a trade, and military adventurers are the leading politicians. Public credit is very indifferently supported. But on the other hand there seems to be considerable material prosperity. Beggars are said to be unknown, trade increases, and great public works of utility have been executed everywhere. If the administration is not very pure or enlightened it is better than it used to be. Most important of all, these States seem, like the mother-country, to have nearly outgrown the period of pronunciamientos and mere violence.

If these Republics, which do not vary so much in strength and resources as to render equality impossible among them, had the continent to themselves, they would probably, by means of the inevitable wars and alliances for war, end by settling some system of international relations for themselves. But they have a neighbour who is at least as strong as the whole of them together, and infinitely more energetic. Even the vast interval which separates the United States from any of its Southern neighbours in material power is insignificant compared with its superiority in intelligence. Its excess of power is something the like of which has not been seen since the times of the Roman Empire, and we have recently had proof that it is equally ready to use it. Mr. Blaine's reference in the Panama despatch to the "irresistible military power of the United States" would seem to indicate that the time has come when his country is becoming alive to the advantages of superior strength; and the same self-asser-

tive tendency is apparent in the circular already referred to. For superficially different reasons the Union is now prepared, or is at least invited by a large party, to control the whole of America very much as a section of the Southern States once tried to extend their borders to the South in the interest of slavery. If this should turn out to be the case, the intervention of Mr. Blaine in the quarrel between Chili and Peru marks what his countrymen call "a new departure" in the foreign policy of the United States. Hitherto the Union has acted very strictly on a policy of non-intervention. The war with Mexico was mainly the work of Southern statesmen, and was bitterly opposed by some sections of the North; and the example then given was not followed, unless the enterprise of the filibusters in Central America is to be considered an exception. Indeed, until recently the United States had their hands full at home. But there are many reasons for supposing that this position of disinterested spectator will no longer be maintained. The Union has filled up its territory to the Pacific, and is becoming accustomed to regard itself much less than before as a world apart. It wants to be active abroad and to have a part to play as well as other nations. As a matter of course, it will begin in the New World and by making its supremacy felt by the Southern Republics. The mere resolve to do this must bring about many changes in the ideas as to government and administration which have hitherto prevailed in the Union. However great its superiority in force may be, it must have a fleet and an army to make it available, for it is far from likely that the right of the United States to dictate will be acknowledged by the peoples of South America without a struggle. But hitherto the armed forces of the Union have been jealously limited, and, small as they are, they are very costly and difficult to keep in a state of efficiency by voluntary enlistment. Whether there will be foresight and patriotism enough among them to provide for their independence by alliances remains to be seen; but there can be little doubt that some one of them will sooner or later rebel against dictation. In that case there will be no course open to the United States but war; and war will mean the maintenance of large forces, of armies of occupation—possibly, in the long run, the conquest of distant territory. The probability that this would be the result of an active foreign policy should make Americans reflect a little before they adopt such a policy. The Constitution does not provide for the government of dependencies. If the people of conquered communities were allowed to send representatives to Congress, the result could only be a further lowering of the character of that body. If they were ruled as dependencies—and proposals are already being made to revive the scheme for the annexation of San Domingo—the result would certainly be an immense increase in the power of the Federal Government, of which even the Northern States have always been very jealous. It is, besides, impossible that the United States could, in the long run, confine their activity to the New World. The victory would probably be too easy to satisfy the spirit that would seek it. In the course of disputes with the South American Republics the Union could scarcely fail to come in contact with European Powers. The power which claims to be supreme in America would soon advance to claiming a similar supremacy over the Pacific. In any case, that isolated development of its own powers in friendly indifference to the doings of the rest of the world which was the ideal of the statesmen of the first age of the Republic will cease to be the aim of their successors. Indeed it may be said to have ceased to be so already; and the settlement of the South American Republics into something like order and regular government will nearly correspond in time with the beginning of an attempt by the United States to establish something like an overlordship over them.

HOSTS.

THE world rarely expects much work from Dives; but there is one duty from which it will on no account excuse him. He must be hospitable, or he will certainly be placed under a social anathema. If he gives money to the poor at his door, the only return they can make is to scratch a mark on his gateposts encouraging other beggars to besiege his house; if he subscribes largely to public charities, he will be cordially disliked by other rich men, whom he may shame into giving similarly liberal amounts; if he entertains his poor relations, he will be shunned by all people who are, as the phrase goes, "worth knowing"; but let him give large balls, shooting parties, and other entertainments, and he is pretty certain to be spoken of as an excellent fellow, although his manners, his appearance, his womankind, his grammar, and even his morals, may not be all that might be wished. Between the extremes of bad men who are good hosts and good hosts who are bad men there are many varieties, and they can be better studied at this time of year than at any other. During the London season one only sees one's host for a few hours together at most, and during that time the chances are that one does not get a dozen words with him. In the autumn country visits are mostly quiet humdrum affairs enough; but it is during the winter months, when country houses are filled to overflowing for balls, shooting, and hunting parties, that the qualifications of the hospitable are really put to the test. Hosts are certain then to be worried and bothered, however calm may be their outward demeanour. They will have to consider "who is to meet who," how many bachelors or young ladies are wanted, and

whom they are to ask for the great week's pheasant shooting; their butlers will want to know whether they will have Lafitte 1864 or Léoville 1870, and which champagne they will have at dinner; and they will also ask which wines they wish used at supper after the carefully elaborated impromptu dance; their coachmen will have to be told which train is to be met with the dogcart, and which with the omnibus, as well as whether my lady will have the brougham, the phaeton, or the landau at three o'clock. Their stud grooms will be in waiting to inquire what horses they will ride in the morning, and whether Miss Sophy will ride the grey or the chestnut filly. They are asked by the same functionaries whether they intend to ride, or drive, or go by train to cover, and whether they will hunt with the Duke or the Earl on Saturday. The groom will hardly be out of the room before the hostess herself will appear, in order to discuss a delicate question of precedence with reference to going in to dinner, and to ask whether her husband thinks she had better invite the Lothburys or the Poorshaws for the seventeenth; and then the bailiff will come with the pleasing information that there is something wrong with the main pipe, and that consequently the supply of water is cut off from the house.

Most observant people must have noticed how very different the same men appear in the capacities of guests and of hosts. It may happen that during a visit at a country house one may be particularly attracted by a fellow-guest. He is genial, cheery, and agreeable; he is always ready with an appropriate and amusing story; he seems to know everybody; and he has plenty of those little unkind things to say of one's acquaintances which one always likes to hear. He chaffs our host, and persuades him to strike out of his programme those arrangements for our amusement which are likely to be bores; he is the bold man who proclaims the wine to be corked, and he is ready to act as spokesman for the party that want to be let off after noon church on Sunday. He evidently knows how everything ought to be done, and yet he has the bright, cheerful manner of a man who never worries himself with cares or anxieties. To our great delight, he invites us to pay him a visit; and we look forward with pleasure to becoming the guest of so charming a companion. What do we find on arriving at his hospitable mansion? Where is our lively friend? In his place we find an anxious, careworn, irritable creature, whose looks sadly belie him when he assures us of his pleasure at seeing us. When we speak to him he seems preoccupied, and in the middle of one of our best stories he gets up to ring the bell. He is apparently always listening for some unexpected sound, and he looks restlessly hither and thither. If he sits down, he jumps up again immediately, and goes to a table to write a letter; he stands with his back to the fireplace, and he frowns and yawns. He spends much of his time in looking out of the window and poking the fire, in replacing armchairs or books that have been removed by ruthless guests, or in shutting the doors. Every now and then he looks anxiously at his watch, and he is much given to consulting *Bradshaw*. It seems difficult to believe that this can be the jovial companion whose society we enjoyed so much when we met us in the character of a fellow-guest. Nor do the good things he provides for us come up to the anticipations which we had formed on the strength of his criticisms of those of other people. His shooting, his horses, his dinners, and his cellar could not vie with those to which he had taken exception when we met him on the former occasion; and although he had then so good-naturedly pointed out to our common host the deficiencies of his establishment, he now seems to be always nervously watching for the least symptoms of disapproval in his own guests. If towards the end of a long day's shooting we are tired, and propose going home before the rest of the party, he is evidently annoyed, and observes that it is not his fault if his coverts do not contain enough game to satisfy us. If we leave half a glass of wine unfinished, he says he is afraid we "don't like that sherry." In the stables he tells us that he sees we "are looking at that horse's hock, but he is perfectly sound on it." He seems ready to take offence on the most absurd pretexts, and if we merely remark that it rains, he angrily says that he has done all in his power to please us, but that he really cannot be expected to be responsible for the weather. When one of our fellow-guests goes away our host's remarks are not particularly flattering. He describes his departed guest as "one of those sort of fellows who go away and break up a party on some trumpery excuse, and spoil the whole thing"; and yet he says he is very glad the man is gone, because he is such an infernally bad shot. "The cad only cares to stay with a duke or a marquess, and he is a conceited ass." This does not augur well for the character he may give us when our own time of departure shall have arrived.

There are men, again, who are very calm and very wise in the houses of others, and perhaps also in public affairs, but who are distressingly nervous and fidgety at home. They are always imagining that some one must have missed a train, that the riding party has mistaken its way, that it is freezing when we intend to hunt, or that it is thawing when a skating party has been arranged. They fancy there is a nasty draught, and are sure some outside door must be open, or they perceive a smell from the kitchen on the staircase. They are perpetually apologizing for something, and torment us by inquiring whether we are too hot or too cold. If we propose a particular walk, they are sure the distance will be too far for us; if we take a moderate stroll, they are afraid we have not had

exercise enough. They press us to ride if we want to walk; they beg us to try the nicest but lightest of guns when we assure them that we never shoot; and they implore us to partake of viands which we know will disagree with us. They ask all sorts of questions about our journey when we leave them, prognosticate that we shall miss a train at Reading, Crewe, or Rugby, and land us at their own stations half an hour before the trains start.

Another host who is far removed from perfection is the man who insists upon showing you all his goods and chattels. He seems to labour under the mistaken impression that you want to make a general inventory of all his effects. You have hardly arrived at his house before he asks whether you would not like to go out, and you will then be marched off to the kitchen-garden. Now we specially resent being invariably taken to see the kitchen-garden at every house we stay at. After being dragged through the hot-houses, vineeries, ferneries, peach-houses, cucumber and melon pits, in temperatures so variable that they might have given Samson himself an attack of influenza, you will be taken to the stables, where the history of every horse will be too faithfully related. You will then be shown the saddle-room, and all the carriages, if there is yet sufficient light. But what cannot be done to-day is certain to be done to-morrow or the next day; and you may safely calculate upon being shown every dog in the kennels, every cow, bull, bullock, and steer, every pig, and every head of poultry on the home farm, before your visit comes to an end. You will have to endure the dairy, the carpenter's shop, the steam-saw, and the gasometer; not to speak of the ordeal of going carefully through all the pictures, hearing who are the painters, where they came from, and what they cost. If, however, the inventory-taking host is a bore, a still more disagreeable entertainer is the time-table-making host. This troublesome creature deliberately draws up a list of duties for his guests, which they are bound to perform punctually under pain of his severest displeasure. They are told that prayers will be read at 9 A.M., and that breakfast will be ready at a quarter past. They will please to be prepared for walking at 11 sharp. Luncheon will be ready at 1.30 punctually, some stress being laid on that alarming adverb. The carriages will be at the door at five minutes to three—this evidently means "If you are more than five minutes late, you will never be forgiven." There will be billiards and whist at 5.30 P.M., and so on.

A very different man is the host who leaves his guests entirely to their own devices. A host of this kind generally has a managing wife, who invites the guests, arranges the entertainments, and settles everything about the establishment without consulting or troubling her husband in any way. Hosts of this description are usually either students, politicians, or men with some professional occupation. When they receive you, their welcome is a warm one, all the more hearty because your arrival was unexpected on their part, for they probably had no idea that you had been invited to their houses. They are more like guests than hosts in their own homes, and when they find leisure to leave their private dens and associate with their guests, they are generally very agreeable. Moreover, they are perfectly at ease, having nothing whatever to do with the worries and cares of household arrangements. During the greater part of the day, and sometimes during part of the night, they are working hard; so, when they mix with their guests, they come for recreation and amusement. Most people must have enjoyed pleasant visits at the houses of such men as these, but in cases of this sort a great deal depends upon the hostess. There are certain things which are not always quite what they should be when the entire management of a large establishment is confided to a lady; and when the party is a small one, the guests are apt to become a little weary of entertaining themselves. There is also this to be said, that when the master of a house gives his guests their liberty, the mistress is likely to seize the opportunity of enslaving them; and, if the yoke of a host is occasionally burdensome, the yoke of a hostess is often galling.

It may be objected that we have only dwelt on the less satisfactory side of British hospitality. It must certainly not be supposed that we are inclined to undervalue the hospitality of English country gentlemen. It would be difficult to over-estimate the kindness, the unselfishness, or the geniality of many British hosts, nor is it a grateful task to enjoy people's hospitality while you criticize their idiosyncrasies; but the student of human nature can scarcely fail to observe that hosts offer a large and interesting field for the pursuit of his investigations.

THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

AN attack by Sir Edmund Beckett may or may not do serious harm, but it always leaves a bruise behind it. The opponents of Sir Richard Cross's bargain with the London Water Companies were the victims on Tuesday of an array of figures which came down like so many sledge-hammers. In this case, at all events, Sir Edmund Beckett is proof against all the commonplaces about advocacy. His zeal for the Water Companies is as great as though he had been one of their directors as well as one of their counsel. His position is that the ratepayers of London have suffered immensely by the rejection of Sir Richard Cross's agreements with the Companies, since the only prospect before them is that of having to make similar agreements hereafter upon very much harder terms. By the original agreements, the maximum an-

nuity to the Companies was to be reached in 1892. As things stand, this maximum value will become the actual present value of their dividends at a very much earlier date, and "we shall then have to add ever so much more for the then prospective value and the annually increasing increase of income at a kind of compound interest." The only advice that Sir Edmund Beckett has to give to the London ratepayers is to agree with their adversary quickly. The idea of getting water from a new source and distributing it by competing machinery "is known to every person of experience in these things to deserve no other designation than insanity." The two legal chances on which some people rely—a declaration by the Courts that the Companies which have not paid 10 per cent. on their capital have no right to back dividends, and a declaration that the Companies are not entitled to charge on the gross annual value of the house—are neither of them worth sixpence. If the ratepayers wish to have the property of the Companies transferred to some public body at a reasonable price or within a reasonable time, they must press the Government to devise some Bill which the Companies will accept.

We shall not attempt to follow Sir Edmund Beckett into the figures by which he professes to demonstrate the reasonableness of Sir Richard Cross's agreements. His position is that the sum to be paid to the Companies is arrived at by the simple process of capitalizing their existing incomes; so that, if by the next periodical valuation the rates coming in to the Companies enable them to pay their shareholders 50 per cent., 50 per cent. would be the income on which the purchase-money ought to be calculated. If this is true, and if to get water from any other source than the Thames is altogether impossible, Sir Edmund Beckett has proved his point. But before this is conceded it would be expedient to have some other authority than his in favour of both statements. Sir William Harcourt's Committee did not go far enough into the question. It set itself to pick holes in the figures given in the agreements rather than to investigate the grounds on which the agreements themselves were based. Thus, of the three points upon which Parliament and the public need to be informed, it dealt with but one, and that in some ways the least important. Apparently Sir Edmund Beckett himself does not contend that Parliament has pledged itself never to consent to any scheme for providing London with water from some source other than the Thames. What we understand him to say is that the Companies have bought the right of taking water from the Thames and distributing it over London, and that this right cannot justly be taken from them except by the ordinary process of a sale by the Companies and a purchase by Parliament, acting as the representatives of the ratepayers, on the basis of a capitalization of their actual income at the time. This argument would go for nothing, therefore, if one of two things could be established—that there is no scientific or financial impossibility in supplying London with water not taken from the Thames, or that the purchase-money of the Companies' property ought not to be calculated in the simple fashion adopted by Sir Edmund Beckett. If either of these positions could be made good, there would be no need to go into the question whether the capital value of the existing incomes had been rightly estimated by Sir Richard Cross. That is a point which would only become important in the event of both contentions breaking down.

Neither petition seems to us as incapable of proof as Sir Edmund Beckett assumes it to be. Why should it be so much more impossible to bring water from a distance to London than it is to bring water from a distance to other great towns? As Sir Edmund Beckett implies that no one but a madman would ask this question, it must be supposed that the reasons which make the thing impossible are very obvious; still they have not commended themselves as conclusive to all engineers, and they altogether escaped the Royal Commission of 1868. It is not wonderful, therefore, if the ratepayers of London may be no better informed on this point; and until they are so they cannot be expected to realize the necessity of at once buying up the rights and the machinery of the existing Companies. Why, again, should a permission to take water from the Thames and to distribute it through pipes over London be only withdrawn by Parliament on the terms of giving the holders of it, not merely the money they have laid out in availing themselves of this permission, but the capitalized value of whatever income they may happen to be earning at the time when it is desired to make some other arrangement? A Water Company, for example, spends a million of money in the original construction of its plant, and another million in repairs and extensions. By and by the Government thinks that the districts served by this Company can be better provided with water in some other way. It is plainly just that it should repay the shareholders the money they have laid out on the faith of the permission originally given them, and accordingly the Government proposes to buy the shares at par. The shareholders reply that they are now making 20 per cent. on their original capital, and they contend that the Government is bound to pay them whatever capital sum will enable them to draw the same income from another investment. Would it be sheer robbery in Parliament to overrule this plea, to repay them the capital actually sunk in the concern, and to bid them be thankful that they have been able to employ it so profitably up to this time? Sir Edmund Beckett maintains that it would be, and we do not at all say that he is wrong. All that we say is that it is not so clearly and universally understood to be robbery as to make any further exposition of the argument unnecessary. It is evident that, if Sir Edmund Beckett's

doctrine is the true one, Parliament has been culpably careless in not making better terms for the public when dealing with these private associations. Supposing that the law declared that, if a landowner let a farm to a tenant and the tenant found a mine on it, the landlord should not be entitled to resume the farm except on payment to the tenant of the estimated value of the mine, it might be a very proper law to make; but a trustee would be very much to blame who did not contract himself out of its provisions. In the same way, if Parliament is under an obligation to pay to the London Water Companies the capitalized value of their present and prospective incomes whenever it wishes to make other arrangements for supplying London with water, that obligation ought undoubtedly to be discharged. But the ratepayers have a right to look for a more authoritative declaration of their liability than can be conveyed in a letter from Sir Edmund Beckett to the *Times*.

What really seems to be wanted, therefore, is a reference of these two questions to a small Royal Commission. There would be no need for this Commission to take further evidence, except upon points on which they found themselves left in uncertainty without it. All that would be requisite would be that the documents already in existence which bear upon the question should be referred to them, and that upon the case, as thus laid before them, they should pronounce judgment. In the proceedings of the various Commissions and Committees which have dealt with the water supply of London there must be ample materials for forming an opinion on the question whether it is really impossible to bring water from a purer source than the Thames, and to deliver it in London at a price not exceeding that which is, or soon will be, charged by the Companies for Thames water. In the Acts of Parliament incorporating the Companies, and in the recorded cases in which similar issues have been raised in courts of justice, there must be ample materials for forming an opinion whether the shares of such undertakings, when bought by the State, should be taken over at par or at the price which they commanded in the market when first the purchase was mooted. When a competent Royal Commission had come to a definite conclusion upon these two points, there would be no further difficulty in deciding what terms should be offered to the London Water Companies.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the quarter and the nine months ended with the last day of the old year are hardly as satisfactory as might have been expected from the result of the first six months of the financial year, and from the length of time that trade has been improving. It will be recollected that the improvement in trade began in the autumn of 1879, and consequently has now gone on steadily, although slowly, for over two years and a quarter. It might have been thought that the revenue receipts would at length have begun to afford unmistakable evidence of this improvement; but we cannot say that they do so. It is, however, a well-ascertained fact that changes in the condition of trade, whether for the better or the worse, are slow in making themselves felt in the receipts of revenue. When the Beaconsfield Administration acceded to power, Sir S. Northcote used to be warned April after April that depression had succeeded to inflation, and that he must be prepared for a decreasing revenue. But, in spite of those warnings, the receipts went on growing for a considerable time; and now, as we have just said, although recovery has not only set in, but has continued for a considerable time, there is no return of the old elasticity in the revenue. The explanation, of course, is that people do not at once adapt themselves to the changed economic circumstances. When, for example, commercial prosperity begins to lessen, manufacturers hope that it is only for a little while, and that good times will quickly return, and consequently they are unwilling to dismiss any of their workpeople, or in any way to deprive themselves of the means of transacting business on the large scale to which they have become accustomed. Besides, they are under contracts which they have to complete, and they are properly reluctant to deprive any of their workpeople of their means of livelihood. When, on the other hand, depression is passing away, employers are not quick to believe that prosperity is once more returning. They do not wish, therefore, to increase their expenditure; and, even when additional orders compel them to take on additional hands, they do not raise wages. It is not until the rise of wages has become general and considerable that the consuming power of the masses greatly augments. And workpeople themselves, like their employers, do not at once believe that the bad times are at an end. They have had a sharp lesson, and are not so lavish in their expenditure as in very good times. They have, moreover, no doubt, to take furniture and clothes out of pawn; they have in fact to repurchase many household conveniences which the bad times compelled them to part with. But, when good times have lasted for a couple of years, when employment is abundant, and wages rise, they gradually forget the lessons of adversity, and indulge in a more open-handed expenditure. We have not yet reached the period in the improvement of trade at which a marked rise in wages takes place. In some trades there has already been an increase of wages, but it has not been very considerable; while in other trades there has been no increase at all. There is a still more material cause to account for the slightness of the increase in the consuming power of the people. We refer, of course, to the long-continued

agricultural distress. Neither landowners, nor farmers, nor agricultural labourers are in a position to spend as they used to do; and the poverty of the landed interest necessarily tells upon the revenue receipts.

At first sight the actual returns of the revenue hardly bear out the remarks we have been making. The receipts for the nine months ended on Saturday last show an increase of 2,640,891*l.* compared with the corresponding period of the year before; while the quarter ended on that day shows an increase of 1,379,896*l.* compared with the corresponding quarter of the year before. In other words, the three months ended with the last day of the old year show an increase of somewhat more than half of the total increase of the nine months; or, to put it somewhat differently, the increase in the three months is greater than the increase in the preceding six months; while, as we have said, the increase of the whole nine months is very large. Taken by themselves, these facts seem highly satisfactory. They show a very considerable increase upon the year before, which itself gave an increase upon the year preceding that; and they show comparatively a still greater increase for the last three months of the nine. That is to say, they seem to show that the rate of increase, considerable as it was for the nine months, was accelerated as the nine months were drawing to a close; and, consequently, they seem to give reason to infer that the growth of the revenue, large in itself, is becoming larger as the financial year advances. But when we look a little more closely into the details of the returns we find that the facts are not so satisfactory as they thus appear at first sight. The whole increase of the three months ended with Saturday last is, in fact, considerably less than the increase during the same period of a single item—that of Excise. If we were to take away the Excise, we should have a decrease for the quarter on all the other items of the revenue. For the nine months, if we deduct the Excise, there is an increase, though not a very large one, which is so far satisfactory; but for the last three months of the year, as we have already said, there is actually a decrease. Further, the increase under the head of Excise is due to particular causes which in no way give evidence of augmented consuming power on the part of the population. It will be remembered that in the Supplementary Budget introduced by Mr. Gladstone shortly after his return to power, he substituted a Beer-tax for the Malt duty, and in so doing, of course, he was obliged, when the change actually took place, to allow a drawback to the maltsters who had paid the duty. The drawback proved to be much larger than he had anticipated. In his Budget statement he estimated the drawbacks at no more than 950,000*l.*, but in the event they proved to be as much as 1,312,000*l.* This year, of course, there are no such drawbacks, and, as a matter of course, there ought to be a large increase. The increase under the head of Excise for the three months is 1,512,000*l.*, while, as we have said, the drawbacks in the corresponding quarter of last year were 1,312,000*l.* Consequently the real increase in the Excise is only 200,000*l.* It is also to be borne in mind that in his Budget last April Mr. Gladstone made some small modifications in the Beer-tax which were estimated to yield additional revenue. Therefore we are compelled to conclude that the large increase in the Excise receipts proves nothing as to improvement in trade. These increased receipts show, unquestionably, that the Beer-tax is turning out as profitably as Mr. Gladstone expected it to do; but so far we have no reason to suppose that it gives evidence of increased consuming power on the part of the people. In fact, the changes made in the Excise revenue last year render all comparison valueless as regards this item. We cannot say that it does or does not prove anything, and we shall have to wait until the Beer-tax has been in operation for some years before we can base any opinion upon its yield.

If we can infer nothing from the yield of Excise, we fear that it must be admitted that the Customs revenue is not very satisfactory. For the nine months ended with Saturday last the Customs duties show an increase of 110,000*l.*; but for the three months ended on that day they show a decrease of 146,000*l.*; in other words, the increase of over a quarter of a million in the first half of the current financial year has been reduced during the last three months by 146,000*l.* At this rate the whole increase will have disappeared by the end of March. This is not a very satisfactory result. It seems to show that the consumption of dutiable articles has fallen off since the beginning of October, and consequently that the promise of the first six months of the financial year will not be fulfilled; which suggests that the improvement in trade has as yet barely touched the great mass of the people. Chancellors of the Exchequer are in the habit of telling us that we should lump the Excise and the Customs together, and judge not by each separately, but by both combined. For example, spirits are liable both to Customs and Excise duties, and therefore it is quite possible that there might be a falling off in the consumption of spirits taxed under one head, and a larger increase in the consumption taxed under the other. It may be that this year we ought to lump the two items of taxation together, and that if we did so it would be seen that there is a large increase in the consumption of dutiable and excisable articles taken together. Unfortunately, as we have pointed out above, it is impossible for outsiders to say whether this is so or not. When Mr. Gladstone next April comes to give us the result of the whole financial year, he will have it in his power to explain whether there has or has not been such increase in the consumption of these articles; but for the reasons we have given, it is impossible for any one not having access to

official sources of information to say whether the increase under the head of Excise is due to increased consumption or to the mere substitution of one tax for another.

Coming in the next place to the Stamp duties, we find an increase for the nine months of 307,000*l.*, and for the three months of 82,000*l.* Here, again, it will be observed, the growth in the last quarter is not at the rate of that in the first half of the financial year. Still the growth for the nine months is satisfactory. In his Budget last April, Mr. Gladstone made alterations in the Probate and Legacy Duties from which he estimated an increased receipt of 390,000*l.* Of this increased receipt, it will be seen that he has already obtained 307,000*l.*; and it may reasonably be expected that in the quarter upon which we have now entered he will obtain the balance and probably something more. Still, even so, there is no considerable growth; there is merely a fulfilment of Mr. Gladstone's estimate; and this is the more remarkable because the year which has just come to an end has been signalized by great speculative activity upon the Stock Exchange. This speculation might reasonably have been expected to yield a large increase in the Stamp duties. But it is not to be forgotten that the revenue from stamps varies greatly according as the mortality of very rich people is great or small. If a few very rich men were to die about the same time, the Stamp duties would be largely increased; whereas, if there were to be few deaths of very rich people, there might be an actual falling off. We cannot say, therefore, that the comparatively stationary yield of the Stamp duties is at all unfavourable evidence as to the improvement of trade. Passing next to the Land-tax and House duty, we find for the nine months an increase of 5,000*l.* and for the three months a decrease of 5,000*l.* In this item again we see there is less productiveness in the last quarter than in the preceding half-year. Property and Income-tax for the nine months gives an increase of 418,000*l.*; but for the last quarter there is a decrease of 42,000*l.* The increase for the whole nine months is fairly satisfactory. Probably most of the arrears standing over from the last financial year had been got in by the end of September, and the receipts since then have been at the reduced rate of fivepence in the pound. If this be so, it would be natural to expect a falling off in the receipts during the past three months. So far, with the exception of the Excise, the returns have not been very satisfactory. Although for the nine months there has been a fairly good increase, during the last three months there has been a falling off which does not bode well for the future. But we now come to two items which are satisfactory from every point of view—we refer to the Post Office and the Telegraph service. The Post Office shows an increase for the nine months of 175,000*l.*, and for the three months of 63,000*l.* Here it will be seen that the increase in the last three months is at a slightly higher rate than in the first six. The Telegraph service shows an increase for the nine months of 30,000*l.*, and for the three months of 5,000*l.* The Post Office and the Telegraph service are fairly indicative of the condition of trade; and these results, therefore, must be regarded as very satisfactory. The last three items of the returns in no way indicate the condition of the people. A falling off in Crown Lands of 5,000*l.* for the quarter, and 20,000*l.* for the nine months, may indeed be attributed to the agricultural depression; but Interest on Advances and Miscellaneous tell us nothing. Last year there was a large repayment of loans made to local authorities; and, as the loans to the local authorities are not now increasing at the rate they did a few years ago, it is not surprising to find that the interest is less than at this time last year; while the Miscellaneous revenue is so heterogeneous in its nature that it is impossible to say what an increase or decrease in it implies. Altogether, then, the returns leave us in a state of suspense. The result for the past three months—if we except the Excise, the Post Office, and the Telegraph service—would seem to indicate that the improvement in the condition of the people promised in the first half of the financial year has not been quite realized. On the other hand, the great increase in Excise, and the more moderate increase in the Post Office and the Telegraph service, are, in themselves, very satisfactory. We have, therefore, to wait for some time longer before we can quite decide whether the improvement in trade has yet reached the masses of the people, and the returns for the three months now begun will consequently be of special interest.

THE WATTS EXHIBITION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE collected exhibition of Mr. Watts's work forms a worthy tribute to a long and distinguished career. Perhaps no other living representative of the English school so well deserves this exceptional honour; none, certainly, could so triumphantly endure the severe test which such an experiment implies. There is, indeed, scarcely any criticism so searching as that which confronts an artist in the presence of his own work. It would be easy to cite numerous instances of painters who have long outlived the impulse that gave vitality and interest to their earlier efforts, or in whose style there has come, at some period of their career, such a complete and radical change that the collected record of their labours misses the charm of consistency. Others, again, there are endowed with a talent too limited in its range to escape the reproach of monotonous repetition. But Mr. Watts belongs to neither of these classes. He has laboured throughout a long life in constant devotion to a great ideal, never condescending to sacrifice his own convictions as an artist to any passing fashion in

public taste, and yet always eager, with the modesty of a true student, to enlarge and enrich the original impressions of his youth. The display of his life's labour is therefore wanting neither in coherence nor variety. In its steadfastness of purpose it affords a splendid example to his younger contemporaries, and in the excellence of actual achievement it will serve to confirm in general esteem the respect with which his talents have always been held by the more serious members of his own profession.

The secret of Mr. Watts's peculiar success is to be found in the association of certain artistic qualities which are sometimes assumed to be inconsistent. A strong attachment to abstract ideas has been curiously blended in his case with the keenest delight in individual character, so that he has at no time lost his hold upon the sympathies of his generation. Portrait-painting is a branch of art which many painters are led to adopt rather by force of circumstance than by any strong inclination; and the work that they produce in this kind bears for that reason the marks of perfunctory performance. But Mr. Watts has, on the contrary, carried to the practice of portraiture the same high sense of style and the same imaginative insight that he is wont to employ in the rendering of poetical ideas. His portraits thus acquire an artistic interest which is independent of any merit of mere resemblance, and they possess besides, in virtue of the subjects of which they treat, a lasting historical value. It is not rash to predict that the series of likenesses of the most eminent of his contemporaries which are now collected in the Grosvenor Gallery will be treasured by future generations as among the most valuable legacies of our time, and the question naturally arises whether some effort should not at once be made to secure for the National Portrait Gallery some of the more remarkable of these examples. It is clearly with deliberate purpose that Mr. Watts has, through a long series of years, devoted so much of his time to this particular labour, and the result proves beyond dispute that he has rightly gauged his own fitness for so difficult a task. If his reputation had no other support than his portraits, he would still deserve to rank among the very greatest artists in our English school. At a time when the triumphs of mere technical dexterity are so rudely forced upon public attention, it is well to remind ourselves that portraiture in the hands of a man of genius acquires a higher function than is implied in the skilful imitation of physical facts of texture, colour, and surface. The faces that Mr. Watts has undertaken to reproduce have demanded for their right rendering a measure of intellectual insight and sympathy which is far rarer than even the highest gifts of manipulative skill. The noble qualities that are to be found in these works will, indeed, scarcely be appreciated by those who seek only for startling effects of illusion. Mr. Watts is constantly reproached with an imperfect mastery of his material by those who do not perceive the restraint which a great artist deliberately sets to the exercise of the imitative faculty. For it cannot be too clearly asserted that portrait-painting of the worst kind is no mere question of realism. Each individual face has its own story to tell, and for the adequate presentation of the intellectual qualities, of which it is the index, there is need of the same controlled and cultivated taste that goes to the expression of monumental design. It would be impossible within our present limits to do complete justice to these numerous specimens of Mr. Watts's art, but one or two examples may be taken from the mass as illustrating his extraordinary grasp of the most varied and diverse forms of character. Let us compare, for instance, the two male portraits which hang in the central panel of the large room. No two heads could well afford a more striking contrast of character and temperament than those of Lord Lawrence and Mr. Burne Jones, and yet it would be hard to say which has appealed with the greater force to the sympathies of the painter. He has missed nothing of the strength of the one or of the delicacy and refinement of the other. In each case the technical method of the artist seems to have spontaneously attuned itself to its subject, so that the spectator feels what is only possible in the presence of the very highest examples of portraiture, that the artist has gone out of himself to re-create the character of his sitter. A contrast scarcely less instructive is offered in the strangely different faces of John Stuart Mill and Carlyle, or again in the heads of the Bishop of Ripon and Dr. Martineau. The exhibition of several of Mr. Watts's earlier essays in portraiture allows us to note how steadily throughout the whole of his career his artistic resources have been strengthened and enriched. The full-length figure of Lady Somers, executed many years ago, will not compare in taste and style with the portrait of Mrs. Wyndham that hangs in the large room. The later work, with its added grace of design and more sumptuous display of colour, serves to show how much has been gained even in the rendering of reality by a lifelong devotion to the highest efforts of imaginative design.

In turning to Mr. Watts's inventive work, it is interesting to note how little he has been influenced by any of the movements in art, which have exercised so powerful an effect upon many of his contemporaries. In this respect, the collection offers a curious contrast to the smaller assemblage of Mr. Millais's paintings, lately exhibited by the Fine Art Society. The younger painter's work bore clearly the traces of every successive change and fluctuation of artistic taste. There were the youthful essays of a poetical tendency manifestly inspired by companionship with men of a more distinct imaginative gift. Then came at a later period pictures of sentiment and incident, executed in response to a popular demand; and, lastly, there was the Mr. Millais of

the present day, whose energies are almost exclusively employed in the practice of portrait. Mr. Watts's career, on the contrary, shows none of these curious transformations of style. Before that awakening of artistic taste which goes under the name of the pre-Raphaelite movement had made itself felt in England, he was already at work upon the same order of ideas that still occupy his thoughts; and throughout his career, as this collection amply proves, he has never swerved from his first allegiance. The group of children's portraits hung on the staircase, which is the earliest dated picture in the collection, allows us to see what English art was at the time when Mr. Watts first appeared before the public; and the large design for the Westminster competition also preserves some suggestion of the conventional methods of monumental painting which had survived from the days of Barry. And yet, when we compare this youthful essay with the work of a man like Haydon, we shall detect at once the stamp of a higher refinement and a more earnest conviction. Mr. Watts was already beginning to assert his own individuality; and when, two years later, he produced "Life's Illusions," it is easy to perceive how much he had profited by his sojourn in Italy and his constant study of the great masters of the past. This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1849, is certainly a work of remarkable beauty and power. In the admirable quality of its flesh-painting, and in simplicity and breadth of technical method, it still holds its own even with the best of the painter's later achievements. It seems now almost impossible to believe that it was twenty years from the date of this picture before Mr. Watts's talent was officially recognized by the Royal Academy. About the same time, or a little later, was produced the large symbolical design of "Time and Oblivion" (60), lent by Lord Somers, and in these two examples may be discovered the first emphatic declaration of Mr. Watts's artistic creed. The products of his later years are marked by the same persistent endeavour to give form and life to the embodiment of these abstract intellectual ideas, and it affords perhaps the highest tribute to Mr. Watts's inherent artistic sense, that so far from developing as he advanced any tendency towards extravagance or display, each succeeding experiment is marked by increased refinement and modesty of style. It is in this aspect, more perhaps than in any other, that his life's work offers such a worthy example to the artists of our time. He preserves to the last the unassuming attitude of true studentship, never at any time allowing his artistic practice to degenerate into a pretentious assumption of mastery; but, on the contrary, always searching for new elements of beauty. It would, of course, be misleading to suggest that all of these adventures in the highest range of artistic invention have an equal value. On the contrary, it may be said without injustice that no painter is less secure of absolute completeness and perfection. In many instances where he has laboured with the highest aim the result is disappointing and unfortunate; but an artist to be judged fairly must be taken at his best, and at his best Mr. Watts is not easily surpassed. Such designs as "Endymion" (48), "Paolo and Francesca" (51), and "Daphne" (73), are enough in themselves to vindicate the strength and sincerity of Mr. Watts's gifts, and the impressive composition of "Love and Death" (135), which in its present form has only recently issued from his studio, serves as welcome testimony to the enduring vitality of his powers. These several examples we have mentioned are typical of the different moods of the painter's mind. The first is an instance of perhaps the rarest of all forms of artistic power, that of compressing the beauty and charm of a poetical legend into "the one sentence" which, as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observed, is all that art has to utter. The "Paolo and Francesca" depends for its fascination upon qualities of another order. Without undervaluing the formal beauty of the design, it may nevertheless be said that its chief attraction lies in the successful expression of human passion. The sentiment of a love that has been tried by earthly suffering and is now redeemed by death could scarcely be presented with greater intensity and refinement of realization, and we may measure Mr. Watts's triumph in this respect by comparing his picture with earlier versions of the same subject. In the "Daphne" more than in either of the works already mentioned, Mr. Watts has chosen to depend upon qualities of pure beauty. There is no definite phase of emotion to be rendered, and the charm of the legend, though sufficiently suggested, is not insisted on. In its essence the picture is a study of female form, endowed with more than human dignity and grace, and yet instinct with human tenderness and feeling. It brings into play all the painter's science and perception, and as a piece of delicate and yet vigorous modelling it claims comparison with sculpture. The "Love and Death" may in some ways be regarded as Mr. Watts's masterpiece, for it presents these different phases of his art in a single image. It is remarkable in design, and impressive in the dramatic strength of its sentiment, while at the same time it illustrates the highest principles of the painter's style in the choice of form and in disposition of colour.

THE THEATRES.

A NEW and curious chapter has been added to the "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors" by the production last week at the St. James's Theatre of "The Squire," a new and original play in three acts, written by Mr. A. W. Pinero. The plot of the play is,

briefly and baldly put, this:—The Squire is a lady known to her friends and tenants as Miss Kate Verity. She is, however, secretly married to Lieutenant Thorndyke. Gilbert Hythe, her bailiff, is desperately in love with her, and at the end of the first act agrees to her friendly recommendation that he had better leave the place. In the second act, which passes in "The Squire's" sitting-room after nightfall, she learns that Lieutenant Thorndyke has a former wife living, and a scene between her and Thorndyke is interrupted by Gilbert bursting into the room gun in hand. He points out with truth that Thorndyke has no business to be in the house at that time of night, unless he has a husband's right to be there. As Kate has just learnt that he has no such right, things are somewhat at a deadlock; but the curtain comes down upon Kate's exclaiming that Thorndyke is the father of her unborn child. In the third act we have "The Squire" taking leave of her tenants, at the Harvest Home feast. She means to go away in order to hide from them the shame which has come upon her from no fault of her own. Gilbert, meanwhile, has learnt the truth, and is full of devotion and of sympathy both for her and for Thorndyke—who, we may observe, is certainly not worthy of it. Matters are complicated by Christiana Haggerston, a gipsy servant of Kate's, who, moved apparently by no stronger motive than jealousy of a new servant, and anger at the dismissal from the farm of her own idle and worthless brother, appears to denounce Kate to the assembled villagers and farm-labourers, but is confronted by the Rev. Paul Dormer, parson of the parish, who also knows the true state of affairs. While he is speaking, news arrives of the death of Thorndyke's wife, and he ends his address by announcing the coming wedding of Thorndyke and Kate, and his departure with her to join his regiment in India. There is an underplot of a love affair between Felicity Gunnion, the servant of whom Christiana is jealous, and a sergeant in Thorndyke's regiment; and two quaintly humorous rustics, Gunnion, a toothless old man, and Robjohns, a gawky young man, serve to give a constant rural flavour to the whole thing. We have purposely given as brief a sketch as possible of what is an undoubtedly telling play. But from this sketch alone it may be tolerably evident that there was nothing surprising in the fact that most of the critics who were present on the first night of the play's being performed were struck by the resemblance of the piece to Mr. Hardy's well-known novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

We may now go on to give some account of what followed. On Monday last there appeared in the *Times* and in the *Daily News* letters from Mr. Hardy and from Mr. Comyns Carr. Mr. Hardy wrote from Wimborne:—"My attention has been drawn to the play entitled *The Squire*, now just produced at the St. James's Theatre, by a somewhat general declaration on the part of the daily press that the play is an unacknowledged adaptation of my novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*." Mr. Hardy went on to inform the readers of the *Times* that the managers of the theatre had had in their hands a play of his own based on the novel.

I had long been impressed with the notion that the central idea of the story—a woman ruling a farm and marrying a soldier secretly, while unselfishly beloved through evil and through good report by her shepherd or bailiff—afforded a promising theme for the stage. I accordingly dramatized the story, and read the play to Mr. Comyns Carr, the art critic, who kindly improved it, and offered the play to the theatre above mentioned. I suggested to him that the rank of the personages should be raised, particularly that Sergeant Troy should appear as a lieutenant, and that in this case the names should be changed; and he told me that the suggestion was duly reported to the theatre. Moreover, a gipsy, who does not exist in the novel, was introduced into our play, and I see that a gipsy figures in *The Squire*. I then learnt that the play was verbally accepted and would soon appear; then, that it was rejected. Silence ensued, till *The Squire* is proclaimed by many observers as in substance mine. My drama is now rendered useless, for it is obviously not worth while for a manager to risk producing a piece if the whole gist of it is already to be seen by the public at another theatre.

We may here pause to mention the fact, stated in a subsequent letter by Mr. Comyns Carr, that a London manager who had actually accepted his and Mr. Hardy's play wrote to say "The resemblance between your play and *The Squire* is so strong that it would be madness for me now to produce it." In his first letter of Monday last in the *Daily News* Mr. Comyns Carr, dwelling upon the injustice to authors resulting from the present law of copyright, stated some facts not given in Mr. Hardy's letter—which facts it may be convenient to quote presently as restated in a later letter—and suggested that Mr. Pinero might be affected with a "sort of literary somnambulism, which compels him to trespass unconsciously on other men's domains." On the same day Mr. Pinero wrote to give his most emphatic denial to the statement that my play, *The Squire*, is founded upon, or was in any way suggested by, Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel called *Far from the Madding Crowd*. My play originated, long before I had opened a book of Mr. Hardy's, in a memorandum which I have now before me in my note-book. This is the memorandum:—"The notion of a young couple secretly married. The heroine amongst those who respect and love her. The fury of a rejected lover, who believes her to be a 'guilty woman. Two men face to face at night-time. Qy. Kill the first wife?"

Mr. Pinero then explained that when the opportunity came for following up this idea, he beat about for a locality for his dramatic action, and, in attempting to illustrate rustic life, adopted a plan which he had previously adopted in a little play called *Hester's Mystery*, in which the chief character was a woman farmer and the scene a farm:—

It was not till long after *Hester's Mystery* had been produced, and when the notion of *The Squire* was thoroughly in my head, and after I had

hinted the scheme to Mr. Hare, that I read Mr. Hardy's charming books *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *The Trumpet Major*.

This letter was followed on Tuesday by one from Messrs. Hare and Kendal, who gave a "most unqualified denial" to the suggestion that they had made any use of the play submitted to them by Mr. Comyns Carr, and "emphatically denied" that they had ever accepted this play:-

We also as emphatically deny that Mr. Pinero's writing a play, in which the critics perceive a resemblance to Mr. Hardy's novel, arose from any hint, suggestion, or act of ours; it was entirely and purely a coincidence. . . . Upon perceiving, to our regret, that there was some resemblance in the play of *The Squire* to the general character of Mr. Hardy's novel, we at once asked Mr. Pinero whether he was indebted to it. He strongly repudiated the idea, and assured us that his work was original. On the face of this we submit that we were fully justified in accepting his play, in spite of the misconstruction which we felt might, owing to the strange coincidences of the case, await us.

It was certainly courageous of Messrs. Hare and Kendal to proceed as they have done, notwithstanding their perception of the strong coincidences and their expectation of misconstruction. Their letter was answered by the following one from Mr. Comyns Carr on Wednesday:-

SIR,—I must ask you to let me say a few words in reply to the letter of Messrs. Hare and Kendal; and as Mr. Hardy's action in this matter has been from first to last through me, I am in a position to answer for him as well as for myself. These gentlemen, it will be observed, most emphatically deny that the play prepared by Mr. Hardy and myself was ever accepted by the management of the St. James's Theatre. In this, as I have already explained, they are technically right. The play was accepted not by Messrs. Hare and Kendal, but by Mr. Hare. Subject to the approval of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, he undertook to produce it at the St. James's Theatre, and not only so, but I subsequently learned from Mr. Hare's own lips the true reasons which finally caused its rejection, reasons which, if the painful necessity should arise, I am prepared publicly to state and to prove. The strict accuracy of what I now assert is, I think, sufficiently confirmed by the following passage in a letter from Mr. Hare, dated the 11th November, 1880. "Let me express to you my regret," he writes, "if my strong feeling expressed to you in favour of the play should have caused your disappointment, but you see I am now not entirely my own master, and must to some extent be guided by the feelings of my partners." These words, I think, need no comment.

As regards the so-called "coincidence" between Mr. Pinero's play and Mr. Hardy's novel, there is something more serious to be said. In a letter written to me on the morning after the production of *The Squire*—a letter it should be said, not provoked by me, but extorted from Mr. Hare by the exposure that had been made in the morning papers—there occurs the following sentence:—"When Pinero read me the play some few weeks ago, in the presence of the Kendals, I heard it for the first time, and was struck by the resemblance between the tone of the play and the story, so much so that I point blank asked Mr. Pinero if he had read *Far from the Madding Crowd*. He said he had never read a line of it." Now Mr. Pinero's own account of the matter is something quite different. He tells us that the notion of his play was entirely original, and he naively produces memorandum from his pocket-book, so that we may judge for ourselves exactly how far the originality extended; that when he had settled this notion in his own mind, he hinted the scheme to Mr. Hare; and that it was only when he had got so far that he read Mr. Hardy's novel. For what reason, or at whose suggestion, he turned to the study of Mr. Hardy's work at this particular juncture, I do not pretend to say. I am more concerned now to point out that from these different accounts, taken together, the following facts are clearly established:—(1) That if Mr. Hare is to be believed, when the original scheme of the play was first communicated to him, it can have borne no sort of resemblance to Mr. Hardy's story; (2)—That when the play was afterwards completed and read to the company, this resemblance had become so marked that both Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal were struck with surprise; and (3) that between these two dates Mr. Pinero, by his own confession, had read *Far from the Madding Crowd*. From these facts, which I am content to take on the authority of Mr. Hare and Mr. Pinero, your readers can draw their own inferences. That Mr. Pinero does not appreciate the force of his own memorandum is at least perfectly clear; for so far as structure and characterization go the memorandum, plus the novel, is *The Squire*. Mr. Pinero's dialogue is, as far as I know, all his own, and if he had made bold enough to borrow again from Mr. Hardy, he would, I think, have vastly improved his play.

One word in conclusion. The last sentence in the letter of Messrs. Hare and Kendal might perhaps lead the public to believe that the resemblance between our play and Mr. Pinero's was comparatively slight. Upon this point my own judgment would scarcely be of value, but the following sentence from the letter of a London manager who had proposed to present our piece next season is, I think, conclusive. "The resemblance," he writes, "between your play and *The Squire* is so strong that it would be madness for me now to produce it. I had hoped to bring it out here, as I firmly believed in its chances of success."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. COMYN'S CARR.

Mr. Pinero replied to this that he fancied Mr. Hare, in his communication to Mr. Carr, had mixed up two occasions, and further informed Mr. Carr,

in answer to his Fact No. 1, that when I originally imparted my plan to Mr. Hare, my story, locality, and situations were as they now are. As to Fact No. 3, I read Mr. Hardy's two novels, with many others of various authors, for no earthly reason but that, if one reads only good fiction, one must arrive at books written by Thomas Hardy. . . . My central idea—a loving couple believing themselves to be man and wife, the woman in the desperate condition of my Kate Verity, sundered through no absolute fault on either side, and turning from each other voluntarily from a strict sense of duty—is like nothing in Mr. Hardy's book.

It cannot but be thought unfortunate that this central idea should have been surrounded with so much that is like things in Mr. Hardy's book, as it cannot but seem rash of Messrs. Hare and Kendal to have produced Mr. Pinero's play without putting themselves in any communication with Mr. Comyns Carr or Mr. Hardy. For the present, at least, there is little more to be said of the story, which is certainly one of the very oddest that have lately been heard.

The play which has been the cause of all this agitation is, as we have said, undoubtedly a telling piece, although it has some

curious faults. Not least amongst these is the supposition that Gilbert Hythe, bailiff to Miss Verity, who is the representative of a long line of squires, should venture to speak to her of his love, and that she should listen to him without indignant reproof. Equally odd is the fact of Kate's employing a gipsy woman as a confidential servant, and enduring from her an insolence which has no bounds. Nor is there any reason, beyond the too obvious fact that it helps a particular situation, for a farm bailiff constantly carrying a gun about with him. Another fault is the introduction of a local reporter, who has nothing to do with the action of the piece, and who is only brought in in order to appear hopelessly drunk in the last act. Again, it is not within common knowledge that lieutenants in the army are in the habit of addressing clergymen as "parson," or are themselves habitually addressed with the prefix "Lieutenant." As regards the acting of the play, Mrs. Kendal has fine opportunities, of which she makes good use, although at the end of the second act her method seems far too plainly artificial. Mr. Kendal's performance is marred by an odd air of constraint, which may be due to a desire to convey the idea of a soldierly bearing. Mr. Hare has been seen to better advantage than he is in the part of the clergyman. Mr. Mackintosh gives a wholly admirable study of the toothless old man, Gunnion, avoiding indistinctness with marked success; and Mr. Wenman shows considerable power as Gilbert Hythe.

Mr. Irving's revival at the Lyceum of *The Two Roses* is marked by all that the taste and care to which his audiences are accustomed can do; but it is not certain that the very richness of its setting does not make the play seem more rather than less *jeune* and unreal. It is, however, a pleasure to see Mr. Irving again as Digby Grant. In completeness of conception and execution he has never surpassed in any other part his performance of this. Increased experience has added to the skill with which a mass of carefully thought out detail combines to produce a strikingly true and marked effect. Miss Emery and Miss Matthews play well as the two girls; Mr. Terriss makes an agreeable figure of Jack Wyatt; Mr. Howe is, of course, excellent as the old lawyer; and Mr. David James displays true and unexaggerated humour as "Our Mr. Jenkins." Mr. Alexander gives a pleasant rendering of Caleb Deecie, but unluckily misses the humour of the part. The play is preceded by *The Captain of the Watch*, in which Mr. Terriss acts the principal part with much ease and vivacity.

At the Haymarket the performance of *Plot and Passion*—soon to come to an end—has improved in various ways. Miss Cavendish and Mr. Conway play with more ease and with more fire than before; Mr. Pinero has improved his very humorous sketch of the top Cevennes; and Mr. Cecil has put more strength into his Desmarests. Mr. Brookfield takes Mr. Bancroft's place as Fouché, and gives to the part the ring of melodrama which it wants. He marked capitally the change from the mock Abbé, with his false smoothness, to the real Fouché, severe and unscrupulous; and he showed throughout the performance a force and breadth of style which from any former opportunities he has had could only have been suspected.

REVIEWS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE VEGA.

IF Baron Nordenstiöld had been a less fortunate and skilled navigator, he would have had a more thrilling account to give of his adventures in the frozen seas. If he had enjoyed but a trifle more luck, he would have done what no man is ever known to have done before—would have sailed from the North Sea round Asia into the Pacific, without let or hindrance, almost as easily as he might have crossed the Atlantic. The accidental delay of a few hours, however, caused his vessel, the *Vega*, to be beset by ice, when she was just on the point of reaching warmer waters, and thus Baron Nordenstiöld was kept for a winter in a sunless region. His book, as we have said, does not hold the reader's attention by stories of hairbreadth 'scapes, but in every other respect it is one of the most valuable and interesting records of discovery that ever were made. There is, indeed, so much information of so many varied kinds in these two volumes that one critic can scarcely review it single-handed. Baron Nordenstiöld seems to be equally learned in the history of old Arctic explorations (which he condenses with much skill), in every branch of natural history, and in the science of man himself, and of his life under Arctic conditions. About all these varied matters he writes in a clear and simple style, which would interest a specialist in themes and topics not his own, and which is especially attractive and instructive to the omnivorous "general reader." That student finds himself gliding insensibly from tales of the daring and the perils of old heroes of the sea—Willoughby, Barentz, and the rest—to accounts of the sea-beasts that roam in the half-frozen waters, of the shell-fish and creatures of obscure life that haunt the Arctic depths, of the changes of things testified to by the record of the rocks, and of the habits and religion of men who live for half the year in the dark. These graver matters are lightened by descriptions of the existence of frost-bound mariners, their amusements and Christmas festivities. Thus the critic of Baron Nordenstiöld

* *The Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe*. By A. E. Nordenstiöld. Translated by Alexander Leslie. London: Macmillan & Co.

has an embarrassing choice of topics, for no single review can deal with all which are presented in this book. As we must make our choice, we prefer chiefly to dwell on the human interest of the life and religion of Polar men—Samoyeds and Eskimo, and Chukches. But it is first necessary to give a brief sketch of the voyage of the *Vega* and its purpose.

In 1877, Baron Nordenskiöld, who had twice already visited the Northern Asiatic seas, presented to the King of Sweden and Norway a sort of sketch of his designs. He wished, for scientific and practical reasons, to investigate the part of the Polar Sea lying east of the mouth of the Yenisej. This was a region unexplored and untouched. "Indeed the whole of the immense expanse of ocean which stretches over 90 degrees of longitude from the mouth of the Yenisej past Cape Chelyuskin—the Promontorium Tabin of the old geographers—has, if we except voyages in large or small boats along the coast, never yet been ploughed by the keel of any vessel, and never seen the funnel of a steamer." It was in the attempt to open a communication by sea between Europe and those regions that Sir Hugh Willoughby and his men lost their lives by cold while wintering on the Kola peninsula. The scientific value of the exploration of any unknown tract does not need to be stated. Baron Nordenskiöld also thought that the voyage would prove "of incalculable practical importance, by no means directly as opening a new commercial route, but indirectly by the impression which would thereby be communicated of the practical utility of a communication by sea between the ports of North Scandinavia and the Obi and Yenisej, on the one hand, and between the Pacific Ocean and the Lena on the other." As to the commercial future of Siberia, we may quote a kind of summary of Baron Nordenskiöld's opinion:—

At several places the river territories of the Ob and the Yenisej nearly reach hands to one another through affluents, which rise so close to each other that the two river systems might easily be connected by canals. This is also the case with the affluents of the Yenisej and the Lena, which at many places almost meet, and the Lena itself is, according to Latkin's statement, navigable from the village of Kotschug to the sea. We see from this how extraordinarily advantageous is the natural system of interior communication which Siberia possesses, and at the same time that a communication by sea between this country and the rest of the world is possible only by the Arctic Ocean. It is on this that the enormous importance of the navigation of the Siberian Polar Sea depends. If this can be brought about, Siberia, with an incalculable expenditure in making canals, will not only become one of the most fortunate countries of the globe in respect of the possibility of the cheap transport of goods, but the old proposal of a north-eastern commercial route to China may even become a reality. If, on the other hand, navigation on the Polar Sea be not brought about, Siberia will still long remain what it is at present—a land rich in raw materials, but poor in all that is required for the convenience and comfort with which the civilised man in our days can with difficulty dispense.

The *Vega* left the harbour of Karlskrona on the 22nd June, 1878. She had a prosperous voyage till she was beset by ice about September 28, near the Koljutschin Island, where she remained till July 18, 1879. All Baron Nordenskiöld's account of her equipment will prove most serviceable to future Arctic explorers. Here let us observe that that name of fear, lime-juice, is far from prominent in the narrative. By an extraordinary and discreditable oversight, this book, otherwise so complete, possesses no index. But, where we look for lime-juice, we find that Baron Nordenskiöld speaks favourably of preserved cloud-berries and rum, "a medicine seldom refused except by too obstinate abstainers from spirituous liquors." The *Vega* got free from ice on July 18, 1879, and reached Yokohama on September 2. After that her voyage was in familiar waters.

Baron Nordenskiöld fills up much of his first volume with an abstract of the history of early voyages. From one of these narratives, that of Gregory Istoma, who sailed from the White Sea to Trondhjem in the year 1496, we extract a singular example of fetichistic superstition:—

After passing this *Holy Nose* they came to a rocky promontory, which they had to sail round. After having waited here some days on account of head winds, the skipper said: "This rock, which ye see, is called Semes, and we shall not get so easily past it if it be not propitiated by some offering." Istoma said that he reproved the skipper for his foolish superstition, on which the reprimanded skipper said nothing more. They waited thus the fourth day at the place on account of the stormy state of the sea, but after that the storm ceased, and the anchor was weighed. When the voyage was now continued with a favourable wind, the skipper said: "You laughed at my advice to propitiate the Semes rock, and considered it a foolish superstition, but it certainly would have been impossible for us to get past it, if I had not secretly by night ascended the rock and sacrificed." To the inquiry what he had offered, the skipper replied: "I scattered oatmeal mixed with butter on the projecting rock which we saw."

This kind of religion, so devoutly practised by the skipper, is not much in advance of that which still prevails among the contemporary Samoyeds and Chukches, whose manners Baron Nordenskiöld frequently studied, particularly during his long wintry imprisonment. As this part of his book is perhaps the most novel, and—except to naturalists, who will revel in the descriptions of Arctic fauna and flora—the most interesting, we intend to examine the Baron's account of Hyperborean religion. When the *Vega* reached Chabarova, where there is a considerable settlement of Samoyeds, Baron Nordenskiöld became an anxious inquirer into the truth as it is known by the blameless Hyperboreans. Knowing that the Samoyeds, like Laban and Rachel, carried idols about with them, he, with a perilous approach to simony, offered to buy a few gods. But holders were very firm. An old woman at last was persuaded by his roubles, and produced four gods from an old boot. These divinities were miniature native "Ulsters," enclosing formless dolls, one of which glowed in a copper nose. Another god

was a stone, hung round with brass plates. The old lady who traded in these sacred articles had been baptized, and hence her idols were only survivals, and she dealt in them with little terror. Upon a sacrificial cairn, like those so common in Southern Africa, Baron Nordenskiöld found quite an Olympus of Samoyed deities. In a circle of reindeer horns on the top of the cairn of stones were the sacrificial objects. These were bones of bears and deer, and pieces of broken iron. In the centre were "the mighty beings to whom all this splendour was offered." The "mighty beings" were simply sticks, very rudely carved at the top with the effigy of a human profile. By way of feeding their gods the Samoyeds, instead of offering soma, like our Aryan ancestors, till Indra was as drunk as the Cyclops of Euripides, daub the mouths of the idols with blood and brandy. Baron Nordenskiöld, with an audacity surprising in a mariner, carried off some gods. A Russian induced him to mollify the divine resentment by depositing a few coins on the cairn. But, if his crew had known what he had done, they would not have been surprised when the *Vega* was caught in the ice. This was not a very old place of sacrifice, for about thirty years ago a zealous archimandrite burned all the gods and desecrated the sacred place. The ancient gods had been much larger and finer, as, indeed, is proved by old Dutch engravings of Samoyed sacred places. In these pictures the gods appear like dolls which would not be considered expensive at twopence each. Baron Nordenskiöld therefore infers that in religious matters the Samoyeds are decadent. It would be by no means surprising to find that these poor people have at the bottom of their hearts a much more pure and simple theory of religion than we can gather from their mode of worship. Thus the Bushmen, whose god is a grasshopper, and whose mythology is perhaps the most absurd in the world, have a religious conception of a supernatural being which is extremely touching in its childlike reverence. Yet in 1556, according to Stephen Burrough, the outward and visible signs of Samoyed worship were much what they are at present. "Some of their idols were an olde sticks with two or three notches made with a knife in it." It is a curious survival of Paganism in Christianity that the Siberians place in Christian graves, along with articles of food, some rouble notes, that Charon may not lack his obolos in paper money. The more savage Chukches, among whom the *Vega* was weatherbound, prefer showy soap-boxes to roubles, and tin buttons to gold or silver coins.

The Chukches are still in the Stone age, and produce fire with the fire-drill. Baron Nordenskiöld gives many drawings of their weapons, their fetiches, and their little *figurines* of wood and ivory; also examples of their by no means contemptible skill as draughtsmen. He says that the Chukches of the coast are, "as far as we could observe, devoid of every conception of higher beings." This has been said of a score of savage races who, on more prolonged examination, proved to have deities enough, and even a rich mythology. If they have no superior beings, whom do their Shamans invoke with the Shaman drums, designed on p. 24, vol. ii.? Baron Nordenskiöld unluckily met none of their clergy, the Shamans; but he says, on Wrangel's authority, that in 1814 the Shamans caused Kotschen, a highly esteemed man, to be sacrificed to the spirits. On the shooting of a raven the Chukches displayed religious horror, as if they, like the Thlinkeets on the other side of Behring's Straits, revered the raven. But they did not mind eating the bird, so it could scarcely have been a Totem. Chukche graves also prove that the race believes in the continuance of the spirit's existence after death. As draughtsmen the Chukches, though not bad at designing a reindeer or a bear, seem to us inferior to the Palæolithic artists who scratched mammoths on the bones found in the caves in the Dordogne. As they have little religion, so the Chukches have scarcely any government, yet they are free from almost any crime or vice, save dirt, and drink when they can get it. As for the Eskimo on the other side of Behring's Straits, their animistic religion is well understood, thanks to Rink, Egede, and other observers. At present Baron Nordenskiöld found them in the Bone and Stone age, tampered by breechloaders and revolvers bought from or presented by Americans. Eskimo art is also more advanced than that of the Chukches; and, like the Greeks of Mycenæ, like the Australian blacks and the Assyrians, they place masks of the dead in their graves.

Baron Nordenskiöld continued his ethnological studies when he arrived among the Japanese. Here his remarks are necessarily of less original value, though of merit as the record of a trained observer. His volumes are equally interesting to the historian of Arctic adventure, to the naturalist, and to the anthropologist. His book is perhaps better illustrated, in a scientific sense, than any other of our time, and is full of matter delightful to every one who extends his reading beyond novels and newspapers.

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CAROLINE BOWLES.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this volume would have been greeted with a lively interest, and although public curiosity has long been sated with regard to Southey, we expect that it will still attract a wide circle of readers. Professor Dowden, than

* The Correspondence of Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles; to which are added Correspondence with Shelley, and Southey's Dreams. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. Dublin: University Press.

whom no man living, except perhaps Sir Henry Taylor, could be more fitted to execute the delicate task, has done his work of editing with all the tact and taste which can be wished. Southey himself not merely expected, but desired, that this correspondence should be ultimately given to the world, and in 1829 referred to it very frankly in a letter to Caroline Bowles. "I shall not be unwilling," he said, "to think that when time has consecrated both our memories (which it will do) this correspondence may see the light. Our memories, dear Caroline, last longer than in the hearts of those we love." It is probable, however, that he expected for his friend, as certainly he did for himself, a brighter and livelier immortality than fate has chosen to supply. In 1829 Southey was Poet Laureate of England, and in the very front row of the shining galaxy of bards; in 1831 his glory, instead of growing, has shrunk to the very modest proportions of a second or even a third-rate star in that glittering firmament. And Caroline Bowles, whom he had just made famous, has sunk into such complete oblivion as to be, even to omnivorous literary students, very little more than a shadowy second wife to Southey. Professor Dowden's book will certainly revive her memory, and it is in every way worthy of revival. It does not, indeed, shed any new light upon the character or career of Southey—no new light was needed there—but it gives a charming miniature study of one of those rare women of sympathetic nature who interest us so much as the satellites of genius. Caroline Bowles demands half our attention in this book, and the other half is claimed by the singular relations between Southey and Shelley which are now for the first time revealed.

In May 1818 Southey received, in an unknown handwriting, from Buckland, near Lymington, one of those trembling and enthusiastic epistles of mingled adoration and appeal which it was not in his nature to resist. Never was there a man so ready to patronize talent, if only talent would preserve a perfectly humble and demure aspect towards himself. In his curious arrogance Southey demanded, but of course usually demanded in vain, homage from all the men of his generation; he solaced himself by accepting it from boys and women, from Henry Kirke White and Caroline Bowles; and to suppliants on their knees he never refused an affable touch of the sceptre. The letter in this instance touched his susceptibilities more closely than usual. The writer addressed him, "startled at my own temerity," with a most reverential hope that he might be induced to glance at the manuscript, "the contents of which I scarcely venture to dignify with the title of poem," and to say whether he thought she could induce any publisher to buy it. The writer drew a piteous, but very modest and unaffected, picture of her poverty; and Southey not merely answered her promptly and kindly, but offered her MS. to Murray, with a recommendation. This aspiring poetess was Miss Caroline Bowles, at that time an orphan in her thirty-first or thirty-second year. Twenty-one years after this, as every one knows, Southey married this lady as his second wife; and the letters before us chronicle the chief events in their lives between 1818 and 1839.

Caroline Anne Bowles was born at Lymington on the 6th of December, 1786, or 1787; her exact year of birth she could never determine. W. Lisle Bowles, of the Sonnets, denied her relationship before she was famous, and asserted it afterwards; but Caroline herself never accepted him as a kinsman. She had French blood in her veins, a great deal of Gallic gaiety and *malice* in her disposition, and an hereditary nervousness that amounted almost to melancholy madness at periodical times. Her father bought Buckland Cottage—where she lived till she married Southey—when she was quite a little girl; and Mr. Dowden gives a charming description, supplied from one of her auto-biographic poems, of her life as a child in this old-fashioned flowery retreat. She was engaged very early in life to an officer, but broke off relations with him in deference to her mother's wishes; whether this step was demanded on serious grounds does not appear, but the event changed Caroline from a bright and mirthful girl to a melancholy woman. The death of her mother in 1816 left her entirely desolate, in the charge of an old French *bonne*. A year later she lost the greater part of her patrimony through the fraud of a guardian, and it was the fear of losing Buckland that nerved her to write that first letter to Southey. This marked the nadir of her fortunes, for an adopted son of her father's, a magnificent nabob of whose very existence she was scarcely aware, turned up suddenly and overwhelmed her with generous offers. He had become excessively rich, while acknowledging that to her family he owed his first start in life; Caroline, therefore, did not scruple to accept from him enough to enable her to live on in her cottage at Buckland. This was far from meeting the views of Mr. Bruce, the nabob, and as he could not persuade her to accept a fortune, he rained upon her gifts of an embarrassing rarity and value, such as "a splendid white ass of the Desert, whose feet are as swift as the whirlwind, and whose bray may be heard three miles off," or a gigantic adjutant-bird, a stroke of whose beak would have been sufficient to kill Caroline on the spot.

The poem, refused by Murray, was accepted by Longman, and appeared anonymously in 1820 under the title of *Ellen Fitzarthur*. In June of the same year the friends met face to face for the first time. Two years later she essayed publicity again with a more successful volume, *The Widow's Tale, and other Poems*, and in 1823 Southey suggested that conjoint romance of *Robin Hood*, "written in common by R. S. and U. A. B." which never reached completion, but which remains the sole literary fact generally

remembered regarding Caroline Bowles. The latter received the proposition with an overwhelming sense of diffidence, which presently gave way to gratitude and ambition; but she found herself quite unable to manage the broken rhymeless verse of *Thalaba*, over which her eminent coadjutor possessed a dreadful kind of mastery. But while this poem dragged its slow length along, Caroline was busy on her own account. She published a little collection of prose and verse called *Solitary Hours*, and a volume of stories and essays, *Chapters on Churchyards*, in 1829. A volume of ballads directed against the abuses of factory life, *Tales of the Factories*, made its appearance in 1833, and in 1836 she published an autobiographical poem in blank verse called *The Birthday*, which is the best of her writings according to Mr. Dowden, except one or two vigorous pieces in rhymed heroics which she appended to the fragment of *Robin Hood* in 1847, long after Southey's death. In the meantime the cloud had gathered around that over-worked brain, and after the loss of his first wife he was no longer in mental health. In 1839, Caroline Bowles sealed the friendship of twenty years by consenting to share with him the dark remainder of his days, an act which called forth from Landor the ejaculation "Saint and Martyr."

With this prelude we must leave our readers to enjoy the correspondence leisurely for themselves. Southey's letters are amusing and characteristic in their unwieldy arrogance. To the adoring Caroline he loved to boast of his prowess as a destroyer and avenger, crushing Byron "rather with a sense of strength than anger," supposing that Miss Jewsbury "finds it now much more difficult to excuse herself than I do now to excuse her," and actually daring to speak of Shelley as "a dead dog." From these unseemly exhibitions of egotism in a robust person of talent, we may be glad to turn to the letters of Caroline, who comes out as much the better letter-writer of the two. Her epistles are full of fun and pathetic fancy, mingled in a very pretty, gracious style, and always charming when she does not think it needful to imitate Southey's bass in a spiteful little treble of her own. Of pure critical wrongheadedness the volume is simply full, but the modern reader can afford to be merely amused at it. There is one point, however, on which it is necessary that we should comment, and that is the relations existing between Southey and that pure-minded man and great poet whom he afterwards thought it in good taste to call "a dead dog." We therefore turn to the appendix, in which a very valuable correspondence between Shelley and Southey is printed for the first time.

In March 1816 Shelley sent a copy of *Alastor*, then newly published, to Southey, with a charming note to this effect:—

I cannot refrain from presenting you with a little poem, the product of a few serene hours of the last beautiful autumn. I shall never forget the pleasure which I derived from your conversation, or the kindness with which I was received in your hospitable circle during the short period of my stay in Cumberland some years ago. The disappointment of some youthful hopes, and subsequent misfortunes of a heavier nature, are all that I can plead as my excuse for neglecting to write to you, as I had promised, from Ireland. The true weight of this apology you cannot know. Let it be sufficient that, regarding you with admiration as a poet, and with respect as a man, I send you, as an intimation of those sentiments, my first serious attempt to interest the best feelings of the human heart, believing that you have so much general charity as to forget, like me, how widely in moral and political opinions we disagree, and to attribute that difference to better motives than the multitude are disposed to allege as the cause of dissent from their institutions.

Very sincerely yours,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

To this becoming letter Southey vouchsafed no reply, and the correspondence dropped for four years. But in June 1820, yielding to the pressure of friends, Shelley wrote a letter to Southey from Pisa, begging him to affirm that he was not the author of a disgraceful attack on Shelley which had appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and which report generally attributed to Southey. The younger poet's letter is not only dignified, it is extremely kind and forbearing. "I confess," he says, "I see such strong internal evidence against the charge, without reference to what I think I know of the generous sensibility of your character, that had my own conviction only been concerned, I should never have troubled you to deny." To attribute "generous sensibility" to Southey in dealing with a contemporary of real genius may now provoke a smile, but the assumption was at least courteous and becoming. There can be little doubt that, if Southey did not inspire the article in question, he had thoroughly enjoyed it; but he wrote to deny his authorship of it, which he could truthfully do, and then launched into an invective of so rude and intolerant a character that it is hardly possible to read it without anger. He has no desire to be troubled any more with "productions so monstrous in their kind and so pernicious in their tendency" as Shelley's poems, *Prometheus Unbound* being the work that has, apparently, provoked this intelligent criticism. And the great man actually goes on to complain that Shelley treated him with want of proper respect in having argued with him eight years before on a point upon which Southey must have known better, because he was so much older. To this tirade Shelley responds with extraordinary moderation and good temper, and speaks of his own life as "spent in the impassioned pursuit of virtue." To this Southey makes a very lengthy and not quite so insolent rejoinder, but brutal enough to have exposed him to personal chastisement in those days and to heavy damages for libel in our own. To this letter Shelley, of course, could not reply, except that he gave vent to his feelings in a poetical fragment, which is here printed for the first time from a manuscript deciphered by Mr.

Garnett; this piece is no addition to the stores of Shelley's poetry, for it scarcely contains a line that is worthy of him; but it shows the tolerant and pitying spirit in which, wounded as he was, he could remember what was excellent in his opponent. But neither silence nor death could extinguish Southey's rancorous bigotry; and, as we have seen, Shelley was "that wretched man" with an "accursed history" in 1822, a "miserable and guilty man" in 1824, and a mere "dead dog" to Southey for the rest of his days among the living. He little imagined how soon the whirligig of time would bring about its revenges.

TAYLER'S THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN INDIA.*

ANY civilian who has served nearly forty years during an eventful time in India, and in provinces extending to the Himalayas on the one side and the Bay of Bengal on the other, ought to be able to turn out something which his countrymen may read with profit and pleasure. There must be incidents of travel and toil; facts illustrative of native life elicited in judicial trials and settlements of the Revenue; disclosures of qualities which in Hindus and Mohammedans range from the most unswerving fidelity to the blackest treachery and ingratitude; superstitions, anecdotes, notices of caste disputes, and of the unexpected working of legislative measures in a direction totally different from that intended by their founders; and, in short, a hundred other details throwing a certain light on many of those political problems which the members of the civil and military services are called on to solve. When these opportunities have been enjoyed by a man who seems always to have had both his pen and his pencil in his hand, we expect something interesting, if not absolutely new. We regret to say that this autobiography is a disappointing and an ill-advised publication. We are told, in a short preface, that the author was more than once in danger of his life, but the same fact may be asserted unhesitatingly of any public servant who, through the years 1857-8, lived in the Upper Provinces, in Behar, and in some districts of Bengal. The leading facts of the author's history may be very shortly told. He went out to India in 1829, during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, from whom and from Lady William he appears to have received no small amount of kindness and consideration. He commenced his career in the Province of Orissa, then, as now, peopled by a race wanting the acuteness of the Bengali and the physique of the inhabitants of Hindostan, but still distinguished by qualities more attractive than either. He was transferred in succession to the stations of Burdwan, Midnapore, and Krishnagar, all more or less favoured and favourite localities; and, when he had passed through the grades of Assistant, of Magistrate, of Resumption officer, and of Judge, the appointment of Postmaster-General enabled him to make tours of inspection all over the Lower Provinces, and to spend his time pleasantly now under canvas, now at Darjeeling, now at some station in Behar, and now in the social life of Calcutta.

Written by a gentleman who appears to have been perpetually writing, and who has carefully kept copies of official documents of all sorts, this volume is remarkable for a great number of inaccuracies. We repeat that from one who has held important offices, and who repeatedly insinuates that only ungenerous treatment and official jealousy prevented him from rising still higher in the service, we have a positive right to look for strict accuracy of statement in names, titles, and dignities. But Mr. Tayler again and again rides rough-shod over language, nomenclature, chronology, and that revered publication, the official *Gazette*, Baleswar, corrupted into Balasore, signifies "the lord of strength" rather than the "young lord." Krishnagar, the headquarters of the district of Nuddea, is just sixty miles from Calcutta, and not twenty or thirty, as its quondam magistrate puts it. Milton did not write of the Indian fig-tree as "branching so broad along," but "broad and long." Two elderly civilians are spoken of as having been judges of the High Court at Calcutta many years before that excellent tribunal was called into existence by the clear-sighted statesmanship of the present Lord Halifax. The court referred to by Mr. Tayler is the old Sudder Court, which, after flourishing for seventy years as a hotbed of noxious traditions, and a Court of Criminal Appeal that only confounded and terrified conscientious subordinate judges and peaceable subjects, was happily extinguished in the year 1862. To compensate for this mistake, a civilian judge of H.M.'s High Court, who has recently retired after a long and honourable service, dating from its very commencement, is described as a judge of the Sudder Court. A well-known officer of Engineers, superintending the Grand Trunk Road at the time when the author met him, is called, first lieutenant and then captain in the same page. Another gentleman has an *a* at the end of his name at one place and drops it at another. Sir John Lefroy is decorated by Mr. Tayler with the Knight-Commandership of the Star of India. He is, in truth, a distinguished engineer who has governed the Bermudas and Tasmania, and is a C.B. and a K.C.M.G. The officer now at the head of the Irish Constabulary has a *y* inserted in his name, though his own signature to one of Mr. Tayler's portraits of him shows an *i* instead of a *y*. The late Lord Hardinge is said to

have left Calcutta for Umballa "early in 1845." That Governor-General left for the Sutlej and the first Sikh war late in that year, having remained in Calcutta all through the hot season and the greater part of the rains. On the arrival of the Sikh guns at Calcutta, regiments are said to have marched past the Deputy Governor in "single file," an operation which would take half a day. By companies or double companies is doubtless meant. Lastly, in the author's geography the Ganges or Poddha is spoken of as the same with the Megna. This is not quite correct; the Poddha and the Megna discharge themselves into the Bay of Bengal by channels perfectly distinct, or at least they are quite separate as far as the island of Dukhin Shahbazpore.

But there are graver faults in this autobiography than mere errors and slips. Throughout the whole of the five hundred pages there recur dark hints and insinuations as to the conduct of divers high officials. Mr. Tayler is made a scapegoat for the offences of others. Some mysterious persons had a positive distaste for the fine arts, and passed their time in devising cunning excuses for not promoting Mr. Tayler to high honour. Music, for which the author had no turn, was unfairly made the passport to honourable posts. There are allusions to the "Bengal clique," and notices of the careers of other remarkable civilians whose merits had been ignored and their just rights denied them by the wicked, but paramount influence of this same dark fraternity. Now, without going into the merits of the various official squabbles into which Mr. Tayler plunged, whether by light-headedness or pugnacity or some mere error of judgment, we have first to remark that there never was a Government under which a man of real ability or good character, or both combined, is so certain to rise in some one line or other as the Anglo-Indian Government. Some men in India have perhaps attained to more conspicuous positions and more splendid rewards than their intrinsic merits may have warranted. No man of worth was ever finally kept down or frowned down or written down, except by his own self. Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning, whose tenures of office correspond to fourteen years of Mr. Tayler's service, were both of them anxious to seek out and reward merit, were both severe occasionally, but generous and high-minded, and quite ready to make allowance for mistakes of conduct or incautious writing, if only accompanied by earnestness and heartfelt devotion to the public cause. In cases of official disgrace, unjust reprimand, suspension, or deprivation, there was always in Mr. Tayler's time the appeal to the old Court of Directors, the members of which, with an occasional amiable, fireside leaning to their own sons and nephews, were much too independent to allow any man who honestly tried to do his duty to be unfairly crushed. Mr. Tayler, to do him justice, describes his own pursuits and pleasures so unreservedly that the impartial reader may be at no loss to discover the reasons why he was occasionally passed over in favour of other men who neither handled the paint-brush nor wrote squibs for the papers. He tells us that he was "afflicted with an uncontrollable propensity" to discover "comical elements" in almost every event of life. Now, comedy in a hot climate has its uses, and no really great man, it has been said, was ever without a keen sense of what is humorous and ludicrous. But Mr. Tayler appears to have sometimes forgotten that there is also a serious side to Anglo-Indian existence, and especially to existence as a district officer in India, who is the mainspring of the official machine. He was always sketching somebody or other. Naked children, the adjutant bird, the thievish and impudent crow, high and mighty judges who adorned the old Supreme Court, friends and relations, and the very prisoners whom he himself was either trying or committing, were successively sketched and coloured by this indefatigable artist. We are compelled to say that many of the illustrations are very poor. Painting, varied by a run after jackals, a cricket-match, or a day in the jungles or snipe marshes, is quite in its place as legitimate recreation in a climate and country where there is a general dearth of public amusements. But Mr. Tayler's own narrative will satisfactorily explain the reasons why he was not nominated, as he wished to be, Secretary to the Board of Revenue or Registrar to the old Sudder Court. Mr. Tayler gives this latter title correctly according to English spelling. But he had better have kept to the old Anglo-Indian official spelling, which was "Register." The orders of the old Sudder Court were issued and all the correspondence carried on by one who was a sort of secretary, and was styled "the Register" just as if he had been a book.

But we have another serious charge to bring against the author. A gentleman who has served in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa might surely have something to say about the natives, their qualities, the extraordinary mixture of good and evil which render them so easy to rule and so difficult to improve or enlighten, the whole system of our government, and its moral and social effects. An intelligent observer, such as Mr. Tayler is in some matters, could have given us an incident or two or a description of scenery stripped of jungly expletives, as we find them so happily told in Colonel Sleeman's Rambles or Bishop Heber's tour. But on this point the volume is almost a complete blank. We have the pigeon-English of the *box-walla*, and an adventure of a fat post-office Baboo who was kicked off a pony which he had incautiously been persuaded to mount. But there is hardly anything to show that the welfare or the improvement of the thousands of human beings over whom he had been placed, ever was to him a subject of anxiety or care. Then some of his notions of judicial form and substance are somewhat peculiar. Let us see how he dealt with the rent-free tenures of India. We

* *Thirty-eight Years in India, from Jugganath to the Himalayan Mountains.* By William Tayler, Esq., Retired B.C.S., late Commissioner of Patna. With One Hundred Illustrations by the Author. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

are reminded correctly that when Lord Cornwallis made his great Settlement of the Revenue in 1793, he left untouched a large quantity of lands held rent-free by the Bengal landholders under divers *sunnuuds*, or grants of exemption given to them by Emperors, Rajas, and Nawabs. It was thought that the ordinary machinery of the Revenue Courts would be able to investigate all such claims and resume such as were held under invalid titles, as soon as the Collectors of districts had settled down to their work. But the Collectors in those days had a great deal too much to do, and beyond a spasmodic and irregular inquiry or two nothing was done in earnest till the year 1828. Then, when all kinds of lands consecrated to Hindu temples, Brahmans, Sudras, Mohammedan saints and shrines, had been enjoyed rent-free for five and thirty years after the Great Settlement and had repeatedly changed hands, a special machinery of Collectors and Commissioners was created by legislation, and the work of inquiry, confirmation, and resumption spread as much alarm amongst the Zamindars, of Bengal as the Land Court is doing in Ireland at this moment. Mr. Tayler was appointed a Special Deputy-Collector—such was the title—under the new law and posted to Burdwan. Here he found that his predecessor had left a number of resumption suits with every process issued and quite ripe for decision, and had quitted office without giving judgment. Mr. Tayler gives the number as 750, though popular tradition in India has doubtless erred in making the total just 1,500. Mr. Tayler "glanced through the whole of these cases," and unhesitatingly, in one day, gave the order cancelling the rent-free grants and subjecting the holders to payment of revenue. It seems never to have occurred to him that, whatever may have been the neglect or indecision of his predecessor who had done so much and yet failed to do one thing more, a new Resumption Judge was bound to exercise a judicial mind on each case separately and to scrutinise narrowly the validity of each title. The outcry about confiscation and sacrifice that arose when the result of that wonderful morning's work became public seems "absurd" and amusing to Mr. Tayler. To impartial readers, not Irish tenants, who think that property should be as sacred as the person, and that each separate rent-free grant should have been dispassionately considered by the official who gave the order to resume or to uphold, it may seem that Mr. Tayler was wanting in the very first requisites of the judicial mind. The most malevolent critic, the most vicious of those unseen and spiteful foes whom Mr. Tayler is always conjuring up, could never have penned anything more damaging to his official reputation than the account of this memorable transaction as given by himself after the lapse of more than forty years. The appearance at least of judicial calmness was the more incumbent as the native community was violently agitated on the subject. Owing to the neglect of previous Governments, difficulties arose in preserving evidence to validity of title. Some evidence had been removed by time; deeds had become damaged by insects or climate, or destroyed by fire; though, to do them justice, the holders of such titles were not behindhand in manufacturing documents to support prescription. But privileges in the East, as elsewhere, are very soon looked on as rights; and it so happened that a tremendous controversy was then raging in the columns of the English press, and that some very able English pens were employed both in denouncing and in upholding the measures of Resumption. All this should have taught Mr. Tayler caution. But he seems to have looked on his day's work as a sort of comedy. It was said of the first Lord Ellenborough that he would rush through the cause-list like a rhinoceros through a plantation of sugar-cane. What is this to an official, not a Sub-Commissioner under the Irish Land Act, who can knock off cases by the hundred, none of which could by any possibility, as in rent suits, turn on the same point. For each tenure of land there must have been a separate *sunnuud*, though one such deed possibly may have covered half a dozen plots of land.

Mr. Tayler had far better have given us a few more anecdotes like that of the *Thug* who had served without detection for many years as servant in charge of the children of Dr. Cheke—Mr. Tayler persists, comically no doubt, in calling him *Cheek*—and who had, like *Byron's* cut-throat pirate, shown himself a man of excellent manners and tenderness towards his little charges. The Record Keeper of the Collectorate of Burdwan was about the same time proved to be a member of the same fraternity, and to have used his official position to obtain passports for his subordinate *Thugs*, passing them off as decent travellers entitled at the hands of the authorities to peculiar consideration. We do not deny that there are some amusing stories in these pages, though they are often disfigured by flippancy and always marked by egotism. A man who has been permitted to see his children's children should not describe himself as "an extensive grandfather." The picture of a young civilian's life in college or at first starting, when there were no very terrible examinations, and when travelling, though tedious, was not without recreation and excitement, may seem curious to men who are now kept in England after they gain their appointments, to attend law courts, to study Indian history, and to master the rudiments of two or three spoken dialects. We do not wish to underrate the merits of any such picture of a time that cannot return. But Mr. Tayler promises us a second volume, and even hints at a separate publication regarding his sick leave at the Cape of Good Hope. The dedication in the volume before us, to his wife, is simple and natural. In any narrative past, present, or to come, there never was a writer who stood more in need of a severe and friendly *Aristarchus*.

THE DUKE'S SWEETHEART.*

MR. DOWLING has gone a little too far in this ducal story of his. He is well aware that there is a large class of readers who like nothing so much as the noblemen of novelists. He knows, moreover, that they are no longer satisfied, as they once were, with a simple baron or even a viscount. Earls for a long time held their ground pretty firmly; but they, somewhat ago, were displaced by marquesses, who, in their turn, have had to give way to dukes. A marquess may do to lead the Conservative party in the House of Lords, or the Liberal party in the House of Commons, but is scarcely up to the requirements of a circulating library. The subscribers, will have dukes; and dukes are accordingly forthcoming. But even with them some moderation is needed. Hitherto, it had been thought that one of these great men was enough both for a novel and a county. Not so, however, thinks Mr. Dowling. Very ducal, indeed, is he bent on making his story. Ducal is its title, ducal are the two parts into which it is divided, and scarcely less ducal are the chapters. Three dukes are marched on to the stage, and three dukes are marched off the stage into their ducal graves. Surely there has not been a like massacre of the highest rank of the aristocracy since the worst days of the Reign of Terror. *The Duke's Sweetheart* is in itself a very taking title. We wish that our author had had a little more pity on the last of the dukes in the closing chapter, and had let the duke's sweetheart end as the duke's duchess. But it was not to be. Mr. Dowling has a great relish for killing people of rank; and, though two of the three great nobles had fallen to his rage, he could not bring himself to spare the third. The two parts into which the book is divided bear the high-sounding titles of the Duke of Long Acre and the Duke of Shropshire. Our readers may, with good reason, be astonished at finding Long Acre exalted into a duchy. They will be relieved when they learn that it is only a fanciful title given to the hero of the story, Charles Augustus Cheyne, a novelist. Those who delight in heroes of noble birth will, on the other hand, be no less pleased to discover that the owner of the mock title is the long-lost heir to the Dukedom of Shropshire; and, like the rest of his race, can boast that he is "a duke of the bluest blood, owner of Silverview Castle, three other country seats, a palatial town house, and an income of three to four hundred thousand a year." From one plot on his family he was happily free. They were under-sized and bandy-legged. He was six feet tall, measured fifty inches round the chest, and forty-two round the waist, and his legs were as straight as legs need be. His hair was of a dull dun colour, and the colour of his eyes no one could remember. He could bend a kitchen poker into a triangle, and bend it back again into a straight line. He had a wealth of imagination, which he never allowed, we are told, to be dominated by facts; and he got his living chiefly by writing, it would seem, very much the same kind of stories as his biographer himself writes. In a few pages we began to suspect that there was much more in him than at first sight appeared, and that he was a long-lost somebody or other. These suspicions were greatly strengthened by the second chapter, which bears the title of "A Ducal Carriage." There we make the acquaintance of the seventh Duke of Shropshire. He was an elderly man who lived a solitary life. Why he avoided society no one could make out. His only son, the Marquess of Southwold, was an unmarried man of thirty-eight, and was suffering from an incurable disease. He was not likely to have a child, so that "one thing was clear—namely, that all the property which had come into the family since the first Duke must go goodness knew whither, for there was absolutely no heir. It was also perfectly clear that the title would become extinct." So said the world; but we knew better, for we knew of our hero with his forty-two inches round his waist, and his hair of a dull dun colour, his wealth of imagination, and his power of bending kitchen pokers. Our author himself soon gives us a clue to a mystery. The present Duke had had a younger brother, who had died unmarried. Dukes' younger brothers never die unmarried, as every subscriber to a circulating-library knows, and light is soon thrown upon what was at first wrapped in darkness.

The hero's friend, an artist, stays in an out of the way hamlet in the West of England. It had, of course, a small inn and a small church. The inn was comfortable in all respects, and supplied everything of good quality. "Its cider," we read, "was what capped the climax." The alliteration is pleasing, even if the imagination refuses to picture a cider-capped climax. The church stood in a glen by a gaunt stone bridge. Beyond the bridge were some lofty pines "whose tops made a long sombre arch over this stream. Beyond this arch lay a blaze of green light and a scarf of flaming white satin, where the valley and the stream caught the full sunlight." Now the experienced reader will at once see that at just such a church in the West of England a young nobleman always gets married, when he makes a secret match, and at just such a village inn, with its cider-capped climax, the young couple hire rooms. There remains, of course, in existence after the wedding a man who has been clerk and sexton for just as many years as the needs of the long-lost heir require, and who announces to the stranger "I'm strong and hearty still, I thank God, and can do a fair day's work, though I'm not so brisk as I was once." When he met the artist he soon "put his head carefully

* *The Duke's Sweetheart. A Romance.* By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard, &c." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

on one side, so as to open the valves of his memory," and told his tale. In the marriage of a young couple either in the West of England or elsewhere there was nothing wonderful in itself. It was what happened a few months afterwards that came through the opened valves. The bridegroom had suddenly returned alone, looking excited and wild-like, and had offered the clerk five hundred pounds to tear the register of the marriage out of the book. The virtuous villager had utterly refused; on the contrary, for the next fortnight he had slept in the vestry with an axe and a crowbar handy so as to keep guard over the registry. He might have spared himself the trouble, for two days later the wicked young nobleman suddenly died. The artist on hearing this tale at once examines the entry, discovers that the bridegroom bore the same name as his friend, the kitchen-poker bender, and writes to inform him of these facts. Nothing, we should have thought, was left for the hero to do but to bring together the proofs of the marriage, and then to hurry down to the Duke and embrace his long-lost relations. Unhappily, before the news of the discovery reached him, he had, indeed, started for his uncle's "stately castle," but bent on most murderous deeds. He was a novelist, as we have said, and, to keep up the ducal character of Mr. Dowling's story, had just published "The Duke of Fenwick: a Romance. By Charles Augustus Cheyne." His cousin, the Marquess, had read it, and had written to his lawyers to ask "whether the author could not be prosecuted for an impudent and barefaced outrage upon his father and his house." He had added that the writer had no claim to the title and name of Cheyne. This was more than the mighty man could bear. He smote the table at which he happened to be sitting so hard a blow that he tore off the leaf, and sent all the glasses, pipes, and books flying about the room. He announced that he would never regard the aristocracy in the old way again, but that henceforth and for ever he would be a Radical and a Socialist. His "for ever" was likely to be of somewhat short duration; for he started off for the "stately castle," resolved to make the Marquess fight him with pistols or swords, or, if he refused both, then "to try to kill him with his hands, his fists, his thumbs dug into his throat." The author was forced to find a loophole for him; for, though the reading public might possibly approve of a marquess being murdered, they could never submit to see the heir to a dukedom hanged. An easy escape is found in a great storm which bursts upon the Duke and his son as they are in their yacht. The captain runs for the bay by the Castle, but the rudder will not act. The sea behaves as a sea ought to behave when it is going to drown a duke straight off, and so to injure a marquess that he only lives long enough to be a duke for a few days. At first it looked dreary and forlorn, while round the spars the high wind seemed secret and furtive. But matters, it will be seen, soon grew worse:—

The water looked cold and pallid. From the heavy swash at the bows, to the almost human murmur of the back-water under the counter, there ran all along the side a gamut of depressing sounds, into which every now and then ran the swirl of spray, mounting from the bow and falling with a groan on the deck, to run aft in whispered hisses until it found its way to scupper-holes, whence it fell with a weary drone into the sea to leeward.

We hope that our readers can picture to themselves the swirl of spray that fell with a groan, ran aft in whispered hisses, fell through scupper-holes with a weary drone, and ran every now and then into a gamut of depressing sounds that in its turn ran from the heavy swash at the bows to the almost human murmur of the back-water under the counter. For many a long page the author and the sea go on much after this fashion. We read of "creamy foam-mantled water wedges," "tawny-headed monsters of the deep that dashed hissing," and "boiling torrents of tawny water, hissing foam, and swishing spray." Among these tawny-headed monsters and in the midst of this tawny water was presently seen the dull dun-coloured hair of the hero's head. He swam out to the yacht, when the best swimmer among the fishermen had been beaten by all this tawtness, and he carried with him a line. He was too late to save every one. In the author's impressive words, "before the nobleman, who left the *Seabird* as Marquis Southwold reached the shore, the Duke of Shropshire had died, and George Temple Cheyne, late Marquis of Southwold, was eighth Duke of Shropshire and virtual owner of four hundred thousand a year, five princely residences, and of all the power and influence of the great house." He soon died, as we have said, and not by the hero's thumbs, and then the hero was the ninth duke. Of course there had all along been a heroine; and now, says the reader, the young couple, as soon as a decent time has elapsed for a double ducal mourning, will marry and be happy. But in a chapter headed "The Dread of Strawberry Leaves," we learn that the heroine is frightened at her lover's rank; and in another chapter headed "The Impending Coronet," we find that she flees from home and hides herself. She takes a lodging in an attic near Newington Butts. The house catches fire; the newly-made Duke happens to be in the neighbourhood feeling "inclined to weep," though not knowing well why; and by some wonderful feats, to which the bending of a kitchen-poker was as nothing, manages to save her life. He gets wounded, and only lives long enough to die in the very last page of the story. His death is the least ducal thing about the book. For, having five princely residences, he met his end, not in one of them, but in the very small house of the heroine's aunt.

RUSSIA, PAST AND PRESENT.*

IF any one wishes for information about the past and present of Russia, he cannot do better than turn to the volume just published on the subject by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Works about Russia adapted from the German are sometimes to be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion; but in this case the original work is a trustworthy compilation, and the English adapter has done full justice as well to it as to its subject. Serious students must still, of course, be referred to the "Russia" of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace; but the present book is sufficient to enlighten those who merely wish to dispel the usual ignorance of English minds about Russian affairs.

Starting from the earliest times, the book describes the original inhabitants of Russia, so far as they are known to tradition, and draws a picture of the state of the country as it was under the old Finno-Slav communities; the sway of Rurik and his half-Scandinavian, half-Russian descendants; the traditional power of Oleg and Igor; and the real dominion of Vladimir and his family in their more southern home on the banks of the Dnieper at Kief. Next the terrible times are described when the Tartars first swept over the land, and then held it, as it were, in a leash; as well as the dawn of Russian power, beginning with the reigns of the great Tsars of Moscow, who were the first to consolidate what gradually grew into the grand proportions of the Russian Empire sketched out by Peter the Great, and developed, and to a certain degree completed, by the very remarkable rulers of both sexes who occupied the Imperial throne from the time of Peter to the present day. Historically, Russia is thus well treated; and the same may be said of its geographical treatment. From the work which Mrs. Chester has adapted a clear idea may be formed of the mighty realm which occupies so large a portion of the world, as represented on the vignette printed upon the diplomas of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, in which the globe is represented as seen by an observer suspended in the air high above Russia, looking down upon the subjacent earth, of the surface of which St. Petersburg is the "hub" or central point. The inhabitants of this great land are well defined and described, beginning with the peasant's hut, the family unit, passing on to the commune, the small collection of families, then proceeding to the *volost* or union of communities, and the *Zemstvo* or provincial assembly; not to speak of the municipal institutions, which are not quite so interesting as the rural. Nor are superior classes omitted from the list; the merchants, so different in Russia from what they are elsewhere; the *chinovniks*, too often the most ignoble of officials; the nobles themselves, with all the distinctions which are so difficult for Western minds to grasp; and, finally, the Ministers and Ministers, with the Imperial Family as their crown and apex.

Of the Russian Church a very fair account is given, based to a considerable extent upon the excellent authority of Mr. Wallace. The village priests are described as they are, certainly not highly cultivated, but for the most part not unfitted for the position which they hold—a position as different from that occupied by the typical English parson as can well be imagined. The chapter on the Church concludes with an account of literature, which, occupying only six pages, cannot be expected to be exhaustive. At the same time it contains some information, but it needlessly quotes Mr. Carrington, whose *Behind the Scenes in Russia* is a book not deserving to be seriously cited, and it turns the poet Lermontoff into Hermentoff, a mistake which is the more to be regretted inasmuch as the poet was the descendant of a Scotchman who simply added an "off" to his North-British name of Lermont. Perhaps it will be as well to say frankly that this part of the book must not be regarded as authoritative. Much better are the descriptions of the cities and the characteristic features of the land. St. Petersburg is well described, with its magnificent river, its splendid palaces, and its horrible climate. We miss, however, any reference to one of the principal charms of St. Petersburg—the glorious summer nights, when the whole sky is sometimes like a great opal, or a pearl stained with faint flushes of translucent colour, and is mirrored on the waters of the Neva and the Gulf of Finland, producing an effect on the mind which no subsequent lapse of time can well efface. It would have been well, moreover, to have omitted Mr. Carrington's absurd remark that one can compile a work on Russian topics without any mention of St. Petersburg. Of Moscow a sufficiently good account is given, though nothing is said about one of its most striking features—the view which bursts on the eye of the visitor when he ascends to the terrace of the Kremlin and looks down upon the great city as it lies before him, in summer everywhere a mass of green, out of which rise the white walls and the green or blue roofs and the gilded crosses of its hundreds of churches; in winter offering the spectacle of a great city neatly delineated in black and white. But the reader may be puzzled by the observation that, when the visitor looks upon the city from the Sparrow Hills, and of course thinks of Napoleon vainly waiting for "deputations of suppliant Boyars," he comes to the conclusion that "the gilt roofs and the crosses of its churches glittering in the sunshine justify the title 'Bailaya Moskva,' White Moscow." From Moscow city to Moscow students is a natural transition, of which an opportunity is taken to pronounce certain opinions upon the problems which at the present moment most vex Russia—those connected with Socialism and Nihilism. What is said in

* *Russia, Past and Present.* Adapted from the German of Lankenau and Oelnitz. By Henrietta M. Chester. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1881.

the present work is sufficiently correct, being mainly borrowed (with full acknowledgment) from such standard works as those of Eckhardt, Mackenzie Wallace, and Rambaud. But we are inclined to disbelieve in the "recent Nihilist author," quoted by M. Arnaudo, who is supposed to have said that "all geniuses must be stifled in their cradles; so we shall arrive at perfect equality." It is true that in Russia geniuses have, unfortunately, been apt to die young; but that fact seems to be due less to political feeling than to the well-known connexion between poetry and phthisis.

A chapter is naturally devoted to a voyage down the Volga, to the different races which inhabit its vicinity, and to the great tideless sea into which it flows. Little Russia is described almost with enthusiasm, special stress being laid upon its varied charms, particularly the homesteads, which, like our own, possess their "well-stocked vegetable and flower gardens," and near to which sing all night long nightingales of so striking a merit that "Russian merchants will pay as much as 12*l.* or 15*l.* for a fine specimen." It is a misfortune that certain slight differences should separate the Great Russian from the Little Russian peasant. Among these differences may be mentioned "the love of cleanliness and order" which "distinguishes the Little Russian very favourably from his neighbours in Great and White Russia." Some weight must be given also to the facts that in Little Russia "the position of the women is infinitely superior to that of their countrywomen in Great Russia," and that when courtship is leading up to marriage "the young folk are left to manage their own love affairs; and a young man on marrying invariably leaves his father's house and has a home of his own." This latter arrangement is so little in harmony with ordinary Russian ideas that it is not wonderful that the Muscovite terms his cousin the *Kossack* a *Khokol*, or "tuft." While speaking of harmony, it may be worth while to protest against the opinion expressed by the German authors that the singing of the Russian gipsies is not "harmonious." Fault may be fairly found with the Russian habit of singing through the nose; a rustic singer's falsetto may have set many foreign teeth on edge; the roar of a Russian double bass may have made even a Teutonic heart quake; but, if we consider the extraordinary delicacy of the gipsy ear for music, and the capacity for singing in tune which distinguishes most Russians of the lower classes, we shall not be inclined to believe that the singing of the *Tsigany* is unharmonious; unmelodious some of it may possibly be.

We will rapidly pass over the chapters which deal with the Crimea and the Caucasus. Those districts are only accidentally Russian. As they can boast of many of the most beautiful views in existence, it is probable that they will be at no very distant time perfectly familiar to English tourists. But there remains a vast extent of the earth's surface decidedly Russian, and not likely to be very often—at least voluntarily—trodden by English feet. Therefore we may be allowed to dwell for a short time upon the description of Siberia contained in the present volume. It must be confessed that this description is somewhat dry. It scarcely does justice to the charms of a country which is looked upon by many of its inhabitants as a real and actual paradise—a country in which spring brings its miles of flowers, summer and autumn their seas of corn, and winter a glorious cold which never wavers and always invigorates—a country in which the finest of fish, the best of game, the strongest of drinks may be had almost for nothing, and where the village maidens can boast of a brilliancy of complexion which in Great Russia is seldom to be seen. We are glad to say that certain books, which would be ridiculous if they were less malignant, in which Siberia is described as a very hell upon earth, have been avoided by the compilers of the present volume. Fortunately for its credit, they have had recourse in their description of Siberia to such trustworthy writers as Mr. Herbert Barry, whose long residence among Russian workmen enabled him to speak with unusual authority, and Mr. Lansdell, whose accounts of Siberia, printed in the *Times* and elsewhere, ought to dispel the clouds of gloom which too imaginative writers have piled up above a land on which the sun shines a great deal more than it does upon our own foggy home. An excellent corrective to sensational accounts of persons rotting in the quicksilver mines of Nertchinsk will be found in a statement quoted from the writings of Mr. Barry, who believes that there is "not one instance of the political exile, properly so called, working in the mines, or doing any other kind of forced work," and in another by Mr. Lansdell, who writes, "I can only say, after going through half their largest prisons, that I left Asia with the impression that, if a prisoner chose to behave decently well, he may be in Siberia more comfortable than in many, and as comfortable as in most, of the prisons of the world."

On the final page of the book occurs a woodcut representing what is called the Caspian, but which really depicts certain birds and beasts of passage in the neighbourhood of that sea. A number of pelicans and other birds are diverting themselves in the marshy foreground. In the distance is seen a train of camels and horses and men uncomfortably crossing the far-too-great plain. It is possible that, if Russia is contented quietly to develop her vast resources during the next half-century, many trains will cross her great plains conveying travellers on their way to revel in the floral or ornithological charms of Siberia, or to resuscitate their exhausted nature by drinking Koumiss in the steppes of Samara. With such a consummation possibly in view, it is well that so useful a handbook of the Russian Empire as the work adapted by Mrs. Chester should be placed in the hands of English readers.

THE AVON.*

MR. HEYWOOD SUMNER must be either a very rapid or a very industrious etcher. It is less than a year since we noticed his *Itchen Valley*, and already we have another set of twenty-one etchings, with their proper complement of wood-cuts and pleasant letterpress, still modestly subordinate and inartificial, though here and there a trifle more elaborate than of old. In *The Avon from Naseby to Tewkesbury* the results of patient and practical study are apparent. The artist is still in some respects feeling his way, and the plates abound in experiments which give now and then an impression of crude and tentative endeavour; but, on the whole, the work is more accomplished. There is more of the master and less of the amateur. There can be little doubt that, if Mr. Sumner had chosen to surrender himself to a ready-made method, and to adopt unreservedly one of the various styles into which aquafortists are at present divided, he would have avoided some perils, and ensured a more uniform and less debatable success. But, in following the dictates of his own fresh and strong personality, he has probably done better for himself and for his art. He has thrown himself into the water, and found he could swim. His style will in the long run be the genuine product of his characteristics and his needs. Meanwhile his least successful efforts have an interest; his best have a value and a charm which are entirely their own.

There is one point to which, at the outset, we would invite Mr. Sumner's attention. Mr. Ruskin has said (Lectures on Art, delivered at Oxford), "Every visible space, be it dark or light, is a space of colour of some kind or of black or white. And you have to enclose it with a true outline." And again, "The outline of any object is the limit of its mass, as relieved against another mass." For want, perhaps, of a definite theory, Mr. Sumner's practice in this respect is not always satisfactory. He will sometimes, for instance, leave a fringe of diagonal or vertical lines to form an irregular frame to a mass of white. As a matter of taste we think this is undesirable; as a matter of principle it seems hardly consistent with a sound theory of etching. The water-colour painter and the mezzotintist leave or take out their lights; but they are dealing with masses which are capable of supplying line by their own mere interruption. The form of a tree in full leaf, where it is not intended to be disguised in distance or atmosphere, can be given in water-colour with perfect precision by the mere interruption of the mass against which it is relieved; but in etching, where form is of so much importance, this is impossible. The etcher is compensated for the fact that he has only line to deal with by his command of the finest, freest, and most sensitive line known to art; and when he leaves vague and edgeless the forms which in sister arts would be accurately defined, he produces an uncomfortable feeling of negligence, or even of injury to the plate. Such a feeling does, we confess, interfere with our perfect enjoyment of the otherwise admirable plate numbered II. in the present volume. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Sumner is seen to great advantage in his careful and sympathetic rendering of the forms of leafless trees; but almost in the centre of the plate the feathery texture of the middle-distance trees and the deeply bitten lines of those in the foreground alike break off confusedly, leaving a small but very evident blank without form, and, so far as we can see, without meaning.

The pollards seen across the bridge in No. IV., those in the dry point No. XV., and in a less degree No. XVII., are further examples of this defect, and it is visible in those parts of No. XVIII., where foliage is relieved against the masonry of Tewkesbury Abbey. The building has a phantom air from not being obviously continued behind the trees. But enough, though we trust not too much, has been said on this particular point.

On quite other grounds the very first etching in the book, a view of Naseby, boldly invites criticism. The reflections in the water are good; the foliage, owing probably to what we take to be a mistaken realism, is rather spotty; the bare branches show the old close observation and patient drawing; the composition is uncommon, and by no means unpleasant; but it is by its sky that the picture must stand or fall. The sun is setting, and the melting and palpitating light that fills the west is boldly translated into a multitude of radiating lines. They are short, indeed, and broken; but they are undisguised and undeniable. On the whole, this original application of the method of "suggestion" seems to us to be justified by the result. But, if this point is conceded, we must surely give up to condemnation the horizontal clouds on the right. If it is argued that to make them more consistent with the rest of the sky was impossible, we can only answer "Then the rest of the sky must be wrong." In the third plate we welcome some foliage with a positive outline. The fourth, to which reference has been made, is a conspicuous and successful example of the artist's dislike to foregrounds. The picture consists practically of distance, middle distance, and sky. Guy's Cliffe (No. V.) is a very bold attempt to give the effect of *near* mist. The multitude of faint and struggling lines employed seem to us to proclaim the hopelessness of the task to which the needle has been put. By the faintness and dimness of comparatively near objects, it is certainly possible to suggest the presence of mist—even close at hand; but it is rather as a negation than as a body with form and texture of its own that it comes within the legitimate scope of the etcher's art.

* *The Avon from Naseby to Tewkesbury. Twenty-one Etchings by Heywood Sumner. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1882.*

The sixth plate is a really beautiful and finished work—better, of its kind, to our thinking, than anything Mr. Sumner has hitherto given us; but the next—“The Cedars at Warwick Castle”—if not really more artistic, is, on the whole, even more attractive. The treatment of this admirable subject is broad and simple, and at the same time perfectly refined. We are reminded of the artist's own words in his preface—“directness is the keynote of all the charm of etching.” The drawing of the principal tree—a huge black cedar—is excellent; the water dances in sunshine and shadow; the more distant foliage is easy and restful, for the fidgety spots were forgotten, and realism was swallowed up in a happy enthusiasm.

In No. VIII. it is a little difficult to reconcile the sharp contrast of light and shade with the wintry aspect of the trees. The etching, however, is undeniably clever and effective, and the difficulties of draftsmanship have been met and fairly mastered. The faces of the group of pensioners in “Leicester Hospital” (No. IX.) are animated and expressive, but the drawing of the figures leaves something to be desired. No. X. is not only a very fine bit of tree-drawing, but also a delightful picture. In No. XI., among much that is excellent, the self-important bearing of the geese is almost the happiest feature. Of the remaining plates, Bedford Bridge deserves to be noticed for its bold and successful treatment of a difficult subject; and “Cleve Mill” (No. XIV.) is a lovely and idyllic “landscape with figures,” in which the artist's power of poetical suggestion is seen to great advantage. No. XIX., “High Street, Tewkesbury,” has a stormy sky, about which critics will perhaps be divided. For ourselves, we count it a success where failure might well have been pardoned. The merit of the broken light in the wet streets will hardly be disputed, and there is unmistakable moisture in the wavy lines of the roadway. “Tewkesbury in Flood-time” is full of atmosphere, and not less true than picturesque; but surely the severe self-control to which this picture owes so much of its simplicity and charm might have been relaxed to the extent of hinting the existence of a sky. The last etching in the book is a second and more successful attempt to deal with mist. This time the unmanageable vapour is away in the middle distance; but it is still scarcely the “cloud of dewy steam” of Keble, or the “swimming vapour” which in Tennyson's *Enone*

Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn.

But the peculiar beauty of these lowlying fields in the Severn Valley has been felt and interpreted with genuine artistic instinct. There is bold truthfulness in the dark line of Bradon against the morning sky, and in the ripple of the broad expanse of water we can hear

The rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dances forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakens each little leaf to sing.

We are especially grateful to Mr. Sumner for not attempting in his text to force Shakspere continually upon our notice. The thought of the great presence that broods over the Avon banks has not, we may be sure, been often absent from his mind, and now and again it has found expression in a happy allusion; but it is Shakspere's Clarence, rather than Shakspere himself, who at last, “In the Field by Tewkesbury,” draws from him a brief and half-shy rhapsody. Garrick's stirring lines, written for the first Shakspere jubilee in 1769, well deserve the place and the praise which Mr. Sumner has bestowed on them. They are too long for quotation here, and they will be best appreciated among the graceful and appropriate surroundings with which the artist has provided them. The cover of Mr. Sumner's book, designed, we believe, by himself, is a success in all colours; and when the golden swan is relieved against a crimson ground it is a positive triumph. In the large paper copies, the drawings for the initial letters are all proofs on Japanese paper separately remounted. They amply justify this treatment; for here, as in every part of his work, Mr. Sumner faithfully gives us his best. For this, as well as for the many and great intrinsic merits of the book, its author and artist deserves our thanks.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

BOTH M. Jules Verne and M. Lucien Biart have taken their readers into tropical regions this year. M. Georges Fath, on the other hand, in *Les égouts de l'Obi* (texte et dessins par Georges Fath. Plon et Cie.), carries us to Siberia, where he supplies us with plenty of exciting incidents. André Demérian, his sister Marie-Rose, his friend Armand Labarre, and a devoted serving-boy named Tch., are led by an ingenious complication of events to start on a voyage to the Siberian steppes. There they expect to find, and do find, Jean Guérin, André's uncle, who has been living there for some time, engaged, under pretence of photographing the scenery, in making various researches concerning the transmutation of metals. In pursuing his dream, however, he has chanced upon the really valuable discovery of a rich vein of gold-ore, to work which he needs assistance. The party is strengthened in one way and weakened in another by the addition of a political prisoner who has escaped from the mines. We have fights with wolves and with Cossacks, hairbreadth escapes, and sinkings and upheavals of the soil, in the course of which the fortunate Jean Guérin finds precious stones “to a large amount,” as the old plays

had it, suddenly cast up at his feet—a circumstance which more than makes up for the nearly simultaneous disappearance of the vein of gold. Then comes a thrilling escape down the rapids of the Obi, the Frenchmen's boat being pursued by another which has been despatched to catch or intercept the escaped prisoner, and which is overwhelmed in the rapids just as it nears the fugitives. Finally, all ends happily, as it should, with a marriage between Marie-Rose and Labarre after the party have made their way safely back again to “la terre de France.” M. Fath tells his story with dash and spirit. He is his own illustrator, and we need not criticize his drawings too severely.

In *Le jardin de Monsieur Jujus* (Hetzell) we have a fresh set of drawings illustrating child life, from the untiring pencil of M. Froelich, with appropriate letterpress provided by M. Stahl.

The same hand provides the letterpress for *Une folle soirée chez Paillasse* (Hetzell), the drawings for which are made by M. G. Fath. Paillasse and his wife, having drawn a big prize in a lottery, determine to celebrate the event by giving a party. The guests are the Punchinello, the Harlequins, the Pierrots, and others of a more or less similar character, and the party is of the kind which the Hanlon-Lees exhibit under the title of *Une soirée en habit noir*.

Messrs. Hetzell issue, in the *Bibliothèque d'éducation et de récréation*, a special edition “pour la jeunesse” of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's charming book, *Les vieux de la vieille*, with capital illustrations by F. Lix. The old soldier Florentin is one of the most pleasing characters that the authors have drawn, and it is only to be regretted that they should have killed him off at the end. Equally attractive in its own way is the story, “*Lois, histoire d'une petite Bohémienne*,” which appears in the same volume with *Les vieux de la vieille*.

It is only by its chancing to be published at this season that a work so important as the seventh volume of M. Elisée Reclus's *Nouvelle géographie* (Hachette) can be classed as a Christmas book; and it is impossible for us in this place to do more than point out that the volume deals with L'Asie Orientale, and is admirably provided with maps and illustrations.

M. Alphonse Karr's *Les fées de la mer* (vignettes par Lorentz-Hetzell) is a fairy story of the good old kind, in which the adventures of little André under the sea and upon the earth in search of his lost Marie are full of fun and grace. The sea-goddess Smaragdine takes him by the hand, informs him that Marie is doubtless in the power of the fairy Langouste, and tells him that “Protéé seul, ce vieux dieu si connu par les thèmes et par les versions du collège, peut nous instruire du sort de Marie. Il est vrai qu'il est maintenant empaillé; mais, cependant, il rend encore parfois des oracles; et c'est aujourd'hui un de ses jours.” On the way to Proteus, Smaragdine points out various curiosities to André, among them the sea-serpent, the nereide, and a dolphin; “le dernier est mort de peur—c'est celui-ci—le jour qu'un jeune et immense pianiste voulut renouveler le miracle d'Arion, qui attrait les poissons.” Proteus, interrogated, tells André that Langouste has changed Marie into a gold fish, and from that moment to the end the book consists of an unflagging series of surprising and delightful adventures.

The list of contributors to and illustrators of the two volumes of the *Magasin d'éducation et de récréation* (Hetzell) is in itself warrant enough for their excellence. It is much to be wished that there were some English publication corresponding with it in character and merit. The volumes contain amongst other attractive matter some of the stories, in a serial form, which we have already noticed, a variety of pretty tales, a series of “*Leçons de lecture*” by M. Legouvé, and some charming children's plays by A. Gennerraye.

The same publishers issue a special edition for the use of the young of M. Jules Sandeau's *Madeleine*, a work which received the honour of being *couronné* by the Academy. Clever illustrations are provided for it by M. Bayard.

There is much grace of writing and much attractiveness of matter in Mme. Colomb's work, *Les étapes de Madeleine* (Hachette), and M. Tofani's pencil has done justice in the illustrations to the author's pleasant style and invention.

Cadok (Mlle. S. Fleuriot. Ouvrage illustré de 24 gravures désignées sur bois par Gilbert. Hachette) takes us, like the last-named book, into Brittany, and has many pleasing descriptions of country life and scenery. Cadok himself is a very interesting little person, and his adventures may be safely recommended.

Among the very best of this year's books is *La tour enchantée* (Dreyfous), written and illustrated by M. A. Robida, to which we can hardly pay a higher compliment than we do in saying that the manner of its telling has reminded us of the great Dumas's *Casse-noisette*. It has the same spontaneous humour, the same admirably preserved air of gravity and simple faith. M. Robida's story is a variant upon an old legend, to which, however, he has imparted a fresh vitality. “Une ville, une tour, un diable, un alchimiste.” The tale begins with these words, and the author goes on to tell us that the town, “gaillardement assise sur les bords du Rhin,” is called Kibitzburg; the tower in which the alchemist, Martinus Faustus Rosenthal, lives dominates the town from the top of a hill; and “le diable dont nous avons à nous occuper était assez généralement connu sous le nom de Satan.” The alchemist was old, learned, tall, and bearded as all astrologers and alchemists ought to be. Furthermore, people said he was ill-natured and was mercilessly severe with Satan, whom he compelled to do his bidding by certain magic formulas, which have been handed down from one sorcerer to another for all time. In the

tower with the alchemist dwelt his three daughters and his pupil, Nicholas Badermann, who was fonder of beer and skittles than of studying in the laboratory, and thoroughly disliked his employment. "Badermann était tenu par son engagement dans la corporation, et quant à Satan, nous avons dit que, par une mystérieuse formule, l'alchimiste le contraignait à une obéissance passive. Les temps sont bien changés, aujourd'hui les alchimistes sont rares et le diable est bien tranquille. En ce temps-là—au seizième siècle—il travaillait comme un serf toute la journée, aussi bien en diableries et maléfices qu'en ouvrages domestiques." Badermann had for years been trying to possess himself of the formula for compelling Satan's services, and one day listening at the keyhole he heard his master pronounce it. So in the Ingoldsby "Lay of St. Dunstan":—

Peter, the lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Five feet one in his sandal-shoon,
While the saint thought him sleeping
Was listening and peeping
And watching his master the whole afternoon.

Rosenthal, directly after this eavesdropping of his pupil's, started on a journey, telling Badermann to fill all the cisterns and tanks in the laboratory with fresh water, and to watch the stars night and day through the big telescope. Then he goes away, carefully locking the door of the tower behind him. Badermann then, after indulging in various dreams of what he will do with his newly-acquired power, begins by summoning Satan, and telling him to fill all the cisterns. As in the Ingoldsby legend, he has not learned the counter-charm, and the natural result follows. The room is flooded with water, which finds its way out at all the windows and eyelet-holes of the tower. "Le torrent grondait toujours dans l'escalier. Les étages inférieurs, inondés, vomissaient des rivières furieuses par leurs fenêtres, les meurtrières pleuraient largement et les machicoulis de la plate-forme du laboratoire versaient, avec un immense fracas, des baquets d'eau sur les maisons assises au pied de la tour." Then follows the alarm of the inundated town, with various surprising adventures, all of which are described with fresh and vigorous humour. The cannons are ordered out, and fired vainly at the cataract which pours from the tower. Finally, the burgomaster and councillors make their way, in the teeth of all obstacles, to the room where Satan is delightedly busy with his mischievous task; and, after various difficulties, Satan—as was usual in the sixteenth century—is outwitted by an ingenious device. The whole story, which has the merit of not being a line too long, is admirably told; and the illustrations have a peculiar humour.

M. Louis Rousselet, in *Le fils du connable* (Hachette), has produced a romance full of a curious interest, purporting to be the traditional adventures of a certain Jean de Bourbon, "se disant François, et prétendant appartenir à une des plus nobles familles de France," who appeared at Delhi in about 1555, and took service under the Emperor Akber. M. Rousselet tells us in an *avant-propos* that "les descendants de Jean de Bourbon forment aujourd'hui un clan d'environ quatre cents familles, dont trois cents sont établies dans le royaume de Bhopal. Ils portent le nom de Franteis, corruption du mot François, et ont conservé fidèlement leur foi chrétienne."

MM. Hachette have recently published the fourth volume of the new edition of M. Victor Duruy's *Histoire des Romains*. The volume, which begins with Augustus and comes down to Hadrian, is splendidly printed and beautifully illustrated.

The same publishers have undertaken what is likely to be a most important work, under the name of *Histoire de l'art dans l'antiquité*, of which the authors are M. Georges Perrot and M. Charles Chipiez. The first volume, dealing with Egypt, has just been published. At this moment we cannot do more than call attention to the excellence of the scheme and to the vast amount of skill and pains displayed in the illustration of the work.

Several new volumes, amongst which we may mention *Les frères de lait* (Mme. de Stolz), *Ces pauvres petits* (Aimé Giron), and *Les petits montagnards* (Mme. Jeanne Cazin) have been added by MM. Hachette to their excellent *Bibliothèque rose illustrée*.

La première cause de l'avocat Juliette (texte par P. J. Stahl; dessins par G. Jeoffroy. Hetzel) is a peculiarly pretty little story, republished from the *Magasin d'éducation et de récréation*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE most important French book of the month—and, indeed, with the exception of *Les quatre vents de l'esprit*, the most important book of the year in French literature—is M. Renan's *Marc Aurèle* (1), the final volume of his series of studies on the origins of Christianity. It appears from the preface that M. Renan is not weary of labour, and intends (having worked forward from the Christian era to the date of the full establishment of the Church) now to begin a process of working backward, and exploring the origins of Christianity as they may be found in the pre-Christian ages of Judaism. This work, if he is able to accomplish it, should be interesting; and there will be less scope in it than in the *Vie de Jésus* and its followers for the author's be-setting sins of sentimentalizing rationalism, and of the exaggeration of trifling but picturesque details into explanations of complicated transactions. As for *Marc Aurèle* itself, it is perhaps rather in-

ferior in interest to its predecessors. Not very much of it concerns itself with the nominal hero; nor has M. Renan thought it necessary to give a regular abstract or criticism of the Emperor's famous book. He is, on the whole, rather admiringly apologetic in his own attitude than anything else; and is somewhat elaborate in his explanations of the attitude of Marcus and other enlightened pagans towards Christianity. This elaboration is rather a waste of labour, because it does not really come to anything more than what the most orthodox historians have always allowed—first, that the persecutions were rather political and a corollary from the Roman idea of the relations of Church and State than theological; and, secondly, that both Marcus and most other Romans of high station had not the faintest idea of what Christianity really was. It may be remarked, by the way, in passing, that the second plea is rather an aggravation than an excuse of the offence. M. Renan, of course, does not neglect his anti-supernatural opportunities in the case of the Thundering Legion, and, as also might be expected, he gives a brilliant and sympathetic account of the Lyonnese martyrs, being, to do him justice, always, or almost always, on the side of the vanquished. It is difficult to get rid of a notion that the one thing which M. Renan cannot pardon in organized and dogmatic Christianity is that it has hitherto been so remarkably successful. The greater part of the volume is, however, devoted to the heresies of the later second century, and to the orthodox polemics and apologists, Tatian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, and Tertullian. The account of the later Marcionites, of Marcus the heretic, and of the Montanists is good. But perhaps the most characteristic chapter in the book is that entitled "Celse et Lucien." It is creditable both to M. Renan's scholarship and to his fairness that he does not attempt to enlist Lucian as in any sense an active enemy to Christianity, though he is perhaps not quite so happy in his attempt to enlist the great "Pantagruelist of Samosata" on his own particular side of the controversy. It is, again, characteristic of M. Renan that, after his sympathetic account of the martyrdom of St. Blandina and her companions, he finds fault with his hero quite gravely and seriously for not having made use of "a good system of primary instruction" to fight superstition with, instead of wild bulls and red-hot iron chairs. There is a curious essay which will have to be written by somebody some day, with the title, "On the Development of Fetishes and the Form they take under the Civilization of the Nineteenth Century." When it is written M. Renan will have to be laid largely under contribution for the illustrations and examples.

The Abbé Ricard, who occupies a theological chair at Aix, has begun a very useful series of little books, embodying, it would appear, the substance of his lectures, on what he calls "L'école Menaisienne"—that is to say, Lamennais and his followers. The volumes before us (2, 3) deal with Lamennais himself and with the Abbé Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan. The latter is not perhaps subject of much interest to English readers, though he played an important part at La Chênaie. But M. Ricard's account of the master of the school is certainly the best that we know of in any moderate compass, and perhaps the most complete, modest as it is. Everybody is supposed to know the main facts of Lamennais's life; his appearance during the Restoration as an ardent champion of the new Catholicism; his foundation with Lacordaire and Montalembert of one of many attempts at the same impossibility, a Liberal-Roman Catholic school; his strange journey to Rome, and the singular democratic atheism or atheism into which he afterwards fell. But this general outline wants filling up to be intelligible, and the Abbé Ricard's book fills it up very well. He writes, of course, from the extreme orthodox side, but without any rancour. It is all the more to be regretted that he should endorse the vulgar and preposterous calumny that Voltaire's *infâme* meant Christ. M. Ricard seems to be in general both well informed and honest. A well-informed man should know that this construction of *l'infâme* is, at least in some places, grammatically impossible, and that it is logically suitable in hardly any; an honest man should not hesitate to avow his knowledge.

There are few things more hackneyed than the saying that no man was ever written down but by himself; and few things, unfortunately, are more common than the fact. All the little naturalist dogs have been barking at M. Sarcey for some time past, and reproaching him with the clumsiness which accompanies in him a certain rough critical good sense. By way of showing that they are right, he reprints a reprint of certain articles of his written some twenty years ago. *Le mot et la chose* (4) consists of short essays on the alteration of the meaning of words, on the neologisms current at the time, and so forth. The remarks are often sensible and sometimes amusing. But there is an unconscious Philistinism about them which emphasizes what M. Zola and his young friends have been saying, and which recalls to the mind a forgotten joke of the very period from which these articles date—a joke which, for aught we can remember, may have been occasioned by *Le mot et la chose* itself. "Voltaire et l'école normale!" was said by the jokers (with M. Théodore de Banville for their poetical spokesman) to be the war cry of certain critics, and every page of this book seems to have "Voltaire et l'école normale!" written across it in large letters. Now Voltaire is an admirable author, and the Ecole normale is an admirable institution. But there are things which neither the one nor the other teaches. Moreover, there are some things which Voltaire could have taught, and which

(2) *Gerbet*. Par A. Ricard. Paris: Didier.

(3) *Lamennais*. Par A. Ricard. Paris: Didier.

(4) *Le mot et la chose*. Par F. Sarcey. Paris: Ollendorff.

(1) *Marc Aurèle*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

M. Sarcey had evidently not learnt when he wrote this book. He is a deadly enemy of "La Sainte Bohème," and perhaps he does well to be its enemy. But if Voltaire had written the "Fragment d'un voyage autour du monde" or the "Légende biblique," in which Bohemians are satirized here, they would have been rather different compositions.

M. Edmond Schérer's brilliant pamphlet (5) on the threatened revision of the French Constitution is a document capable of carrying out the promise of its motto, *Amara salutifera*, to others besides Frenchmen. Part indeed of the argument, the mania of the French people for written constitutions, their entire want of respect for them when they are written, and so forth, is of local application only, and has besides often been put before. Other passages are, however, both fresher and of more general application. "La question n'est point sortie d'un besoin senti et conscient du pays; elle n'est affaire que de réunions publiques et de journaux." "La révision" (read for this the reform of Parliamentary procedure) "va prendre la place d'honneur parmi les engagements spontanément pris par les candidats fervents ou impérieusement dictés aux candidats timides." "La futilité des griefs allégués" (against an Upper House) "est si bien sentie de ceux mêmes qui en font le plus de bruit qu'ils cherchent à les renforcer par des considérations théoriques." "Les adversaires du sénat se scandalisent de sa résistance à des décisions de la chambre, comme si sa fonction n'était pas le contrôle et par conséquent, le cas échéant, la contradiction." *De quibus fabula?*

The twelfth volume of M. Thiers's speeches (6) carries the record up to the eve of the war of 1870, finishing with the extraordinary scene of confusion which accompanied his protest against the action of the Ollivier Ministry on July 15.

We can only here mention an elaborate treatise (7), bristling with figures, on the history of French finance from 1870 to 1878. It need hardly be said that the financial interest of the period is almost unique, because of the altogether unprecedented burdens suddenly thrown on the country by the war.

Signor Minghetti's treatise on Church and State, which is well known in its original language, has been well translated (8) into French by M. Louis Borguet, and has the advantage of an introduction by M. de Laveleye. Both author and introducer are known as partisans of the Cavourian maxim, though M. de Laveleye is more awake to the dangers of an "unnuzzled" Church than Signor Minghetti seems to be. It would be interesting to know whether the latter holds to his opinion that the disestablishment of the Irish Church has produced "un grand apaisement des esprits en Irlande."

It has no doubt suggested itself often enough to the minds of students, as an example of *sic transit*, that the Count de Grignan probably thought that he was slightly "derogating" in bestowing his hand upon Mlle. de Sévigné, and that no one but an antiquary would now ever have heard of the house of Grignan but for the fact of its last representative being lucky in his third mother-in-law. Certainly his son, the ill-starred Marquis de Grignan, would not, even if he had come into existence, have inspired any one with the idea of writing an octavo volume (9) about his short life. But everything connected with Mme. de Sévigné is, and will remain, interesting. As for the Marquis himself, there is not much to say of him, except that he entered the army early, that he married the daughter of a wealthy financier (whom his very detestable mother tried at once to cheat and to snub), that he had the good sense to retire with her from the provincial viceregalities of Grignan to the quiet and comfort of his father-in-law's Paris hotel, and that, with strange ill luck, after escaping both death, wounds, and captivity at Blenheim, and even gaining some credit (it is not quite clear what for) on that fatal day, he reached France with the remnants of the beaten army only to die of small-pox at Thionville. But M. Masson's book contains a good deal of interesting matter of one kind and another.

M. Louis Liard's study of Descartes (10) is both well designed and well carried out. It is not in any sense an attempt at a new biography, but is an attempt to show what Descartes did, especially in the physical sciences and in mathematics, from the point of view of subsequent research.

M. Eugène Asse has completed his edition (11) of Galiani's letters, which, as has been before pointed out, has followed very closely on another edition. M. Asse has, however, justified his book by an excellent notice on Galiani.

The entire work of the brothers Goncourt will shortly be accessible in the *format* of the well-known *Bibliothèque Charpentier*. That work, as is sufficiently well known, is of very unequal value. Its best part is beyond all doubt concerned with art and artists, and especially with the art and the artists of the eighteenth century. The present volume (12) contains studies on Watteau,

Chardin, Boucher, and Latour, written with a knowledge of the subject which probably no one else has in our time equalled.

M. Alfred Duquet (13) is a very industrious military writer. Having accomplished the first part of his history of the war of 1870-71, he thinks it well to go back on the Italian campaign in order to show, as he thinks, the drawbacks of the French army and generals of the Empire under different, but equally instructive, circumstances. The book is careful and instructive, but exhibits M. Duquet in the light of a Chauvinist who would be described in his own country by no milder epithet than *enragé*. And he winds up by saying that all persons who lend money to "étrangers malveillants, Italiens ou autres," commit the crime of "lèse-patrie," and that in case of another unfortunate war *MALHEUR À EUX*. This is a kind of insanity.

The *Lettres intimes* (14) of Hector Berlioz in a convenient form will, as M. Gounod says, help to give an idea of his singular character. Written as they are to an intimate friend, and evidently without the least thought of publication, they display even more strongly than his *Mémoirs* the almost ferocious concentration on his art which was his main characteristic. But they are not letters which can be fully described in a short notice.

M. Pierre Véron of the *Charivari* is a person whose attempts to be funny, if it were not for the often excellent illustrations which accompany them, would provoke a parody of the famous problem, and suggest the question "si un Français peut avoir de l'esprit." This present publication (15), a dictionary with facetious or would-be facetious explanations, is perhaps more provocative of the question than ever.

The late M. St.-René Taillandier is not likely ever to hold a very high rank in the history of French literature. His range of appreciation was limited, and he pushed the qualities which have been specially termed academic to a ludicrous extent. But he was industrious, careful, and generally trustworthy in point of fact. The present volume (16) of articles, collected like most of his work from the *Revue des deux mondes*, contains a study of Boursault, of a length rather disproportionate to the value of that dramatist; and some papers on the Neo-Provençal school of poets, which are interesting. It is a pity that the defunct critic in his remarks on ancient Provençal literature should have chosen to show a more than academic ignorance of the results of modern inquiry into the literary origins of his own country.

La région du Bas-Rhône (17) is in the main a plea for the revival of Aigues-Mortes as a coaling port to work the collieries of the Gard, and connecting it with the interior by improving the system of canals and "canalized" rivers. M. Lenthéric has visions of the Camargue entirely reclaimed and made a busy hive of industry—a consummation which would not a little grieve those persons who find it one of the few primitive regions of North-Western Europe.

M. Rothschild has published many handsome books, but M. Yriarte's *Un condottiere au XV^e siècle* (18) will rank with almost any of them in sumptuousness. It is, as those who are acquainted with the history of the Renaissance will at once translate the title, a study of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, and especially of the singular architectural creations at his capital. M. Yriarte passes very lightly over the atrocious imputations which have been made on Sigismondo's morals, and, if we are not mistaken, makes no mention of the most atrocious of them all. His book also suffers from a fault which we have observed in other books of his—a certain desultoriness of treatment which leaves but a confused impression on the mind of the reader. It contains, however, a great deal of information, and its illustrations cannot be spoken of too highly.

Another sumptuous work of a not dissimilar kind is M. Muntz's *Les précurseurs de la renaissance* (19)—a sketch of the art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and early fifteenth centuries in Italy, and of its gradual assimilation of classical models and ideas. M. Muntz is evidently an ardent classicist; and he is very severe on the gropings of his "precurseurs" after classical grace, simplicity, and avoidance of the grotesque. The truth is, however, that his book is so lavishly and, for the most part, so well illustrated that the most studious reader finds himself turning over M. Muntz's learned letterpress rather unceremoniously in search of the illustrations.

The most remarkable novel before us is unquestionably the *Berger* of M. de Glouvet (20). It is much better than *Le marinier*, and is as good as, if not better than, *Le forestier*, which first showed that France had a new and original writer of prose fiction. The picture of the solitary shepherd on the heaths of Maine, dwelling alone with his flock and his great black goat till he has the credit of sorcery, is exceedingly powerful, and so is the story of one of the crimes which the parsimony of French peasants makes not uncommon with them. This crime André Fleuse,

(5) *La révision de la constitution*. Par E. Schérer. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle.

(6) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers*. Tome 12. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Les finances françaises en 1870-1878*. 2 vols. Par Mathieu Bodet. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *L'état et l'église*. Par L. Minghetti. Traduits par L. Borguet. Paris: Germer-Bailliére.

(9) *Le marquis de Grignan*. Par F. Masson. Paris: Plon.

(10) *Descartes*. Par L. Liard. Paris: Germer-Bailliére.

(11) *Lettres de l'abbé Galiani*. Tome 2. Par E. Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

(12) *L'art au XVIII^e siècle*. Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Série 1. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *La guerre d'Italie*. Par A. Duquet. Paris: Charpentier.

(14) *Hector Berlioz—Lettres intimes*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(15) *La mascarade de l'histoire*. Par P. Véron. Paris: Dentu.

(16) *Etudes littéraires*. Par St.-René Taillandier. Paris: Pion.

(17) *La région du Bas-Rhône*. Par C. Lenthéric. Paris: Hachette.

(18) *Un condottiere au XV^e siècle à Rimini*. Par G. Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild.

(19) *Les précurseurs de la renaissance*. Par E. Muntz. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(20) *Berger*. Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

the shepherd-sorcerer, avenges. The colour of the book is, as usual with the author, sombre, but its merit is great.

Oui et non (21) is one of the clever, but slight and rather conventional, sketches which M. Calmann-Lévy publishes in square 16mo, with discreet asterisks in the author's place on the title-page. How a wealthy lady, bound by her husband's will not to marry again on pain of losing her fortune, fell in love with her son's tutor; how she would not marry him, but frankly offered to pretermitt the ceremony; how he was shocked and refused; and what was her punishment, M. or Mme. Trois Etoiles tells, in a manner which has at least two merits—brevity and the avoidance of the tone of unwholesome sentimentality which M. Feuillet would have thrown over the story.

Le pays des arts (22), by an author whose early death disappointed the hopes of his friends, is made up of atelier stories, some of which have not a little merit. *Un cœur de soldat* (23) is a fair average novel of no very definite style, while *L'Ombrage* (24) is somewhat below the average, and *Un amour heureux* (25) very much below it.

(21) *Oui et non*. Par ***. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(22) *Le pays des arts*. Par Durany. Paris: Charpentier.

(23) *Un cœur de soldat*. Par Claire de Chandeneux. Paris: Plon.

(24) *L'Ombrage*. Par A. Gennerey. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(25) *Un amour heureux*. Par R. L. Paris: Rouquette.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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NEXT SESSION begins January 31.

GIRTON COLLEGE, Cambridge.—The ensuing EXAMINATION will be held at the London University, Burlington Gardens, and will begin on Monday, March 13. Forms of Entry may be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. G. H. STANLEY, 108 St. Kensington Park Gardens, London, W., to whom they should be returned by January 31.

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The NEXT TERM will commence on Friday, January 27.

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For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

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